THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXV No. 1766

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

NOV. 25 1933

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Page 11—OUR ANCESTORS
A colourful impression by Helen Mackenzie of a family posing for the camera in Queen Victoria's days. The original was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1933, and is one of the most pleasing studies emanating from an artist with a rare understanding of colour combinations.

Pages 12 and 13—TYPES OF TO-DAY
A posy of English Portraits of beautiful women accompanied by appropriate verses. **A. Egerton Cooper, B. Fleetwood Walker, W. G. de Glehn, Cathleen Mann,** and **Frank O. Salisbury** are among the distinguished contributors to this colourful double-page.

Page 14—GOSSIP THROUGH THE AGES
In which **Patrick Balfour** defends an age-old practice, and discusses some of the famous and infamous characters who have been the subject of contemporary gossip. Nero was evidently the most discussed of Roman Emperors, his extravagances and debauchery providing his people with ample conversational spice. **Mr. Balfour's** article is admirably illustrated by **Hookway Cowles.**

Pages 16 and 17—BROADSIDES
Verses by **Basildon,** illustrated in colour by **Wyndham Payne,** warning Christmas guests against providing vocal entertainment whilst taking their morning bath, against conversation at breakfast, and touching, in lighter vein, on other matters of domestic import.

Pages 18 and 19—THROUGH ENGLAND'S COUNTRYSIDE
Being extracts from the narrative of Pastor Moritz, who rambled through England on foot in the year 1782. This German "Dr. Primrose" was vice-principal of a college in Berlin and a close friend of Goethe. His adventurous spirit forced him to take the journey. Illustrated by **Wallcousins.**

Page 20—A GOOD GIRL DESERVES GOOD DIAMONDS
A well-told short story by **Christine Jope Slade.**

Pages 21 and 24—A PILGRIMAGE TO BATH
With the nobility and gentry in the fashionable watering place of the west in the days of Beau Nash's stern dictatorship. A colourful account written and illustrated by **Charles Robinson.**

Pages 29, 30, 31 and 32—IN THE DAYS OF THE MINOTAUR
Comyns Beaumont retells the story of how Theseus slew the Minotaur—a romance of high courage in the days of King Minos. **Fortunino Matania, R.I.,** the most distinguished Italian artist of to-day, illustrates the story with four superb pictures.

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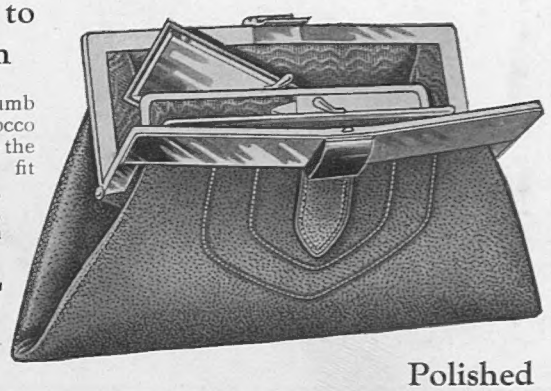

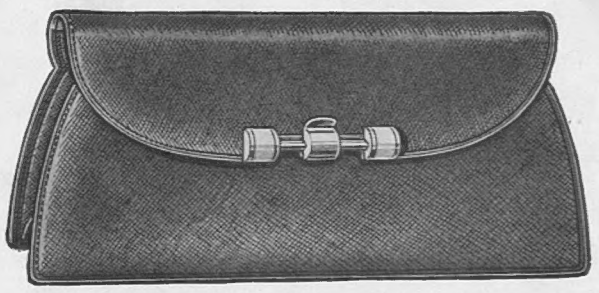

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H.B. 68. — Polished Morocco Pochette *(on left)* with fitted framed purse and four long pockets. Foreign. In black, navy, brown, beige, or red. Size 5½ × 11

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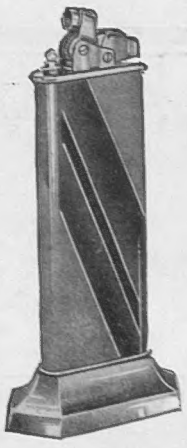

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PITFALLS FOR GOLFERS: By Enid Wilson.
RIDING TO HOUNDS WITH A CAMERA: Photographs of a day with the HURSLEY.
DANGER ON THE LINE: A hunting drawing by Edward Osmond.
A HIRELING IN THE HUNTING FIELD: Drawn by Julia Mavrogordato.
Miss Lumb's New Foxhounds. (Photographs.)
K. C. Gandar-Dower on Squash and other games.
E. W. Swanton on the coming Oxford and Cambridge Rugby Match.
Rugby and Association photographs.
Photographs of "The Tudor Wench" and Anna Neagle in "The Queen."
Eleanor Helme and Roving Player on golf.
"Stage of the Day": By Harris Deans and Our Captious Critic. Cartoons by Hynes.
J. B. Drought on the Cost of Pheasant Shooting.
Highwayman on Motoring.
DOGS OF THE DAY: By A. Croxton-Smith.
"BY THE WAY": Vedette's Comment on Current Sport.
FROM COCKTAILS TO PORT: By The Shaker.
Readers' Letters.
MODES OF THE MOMENT: By Lorna Cameron.

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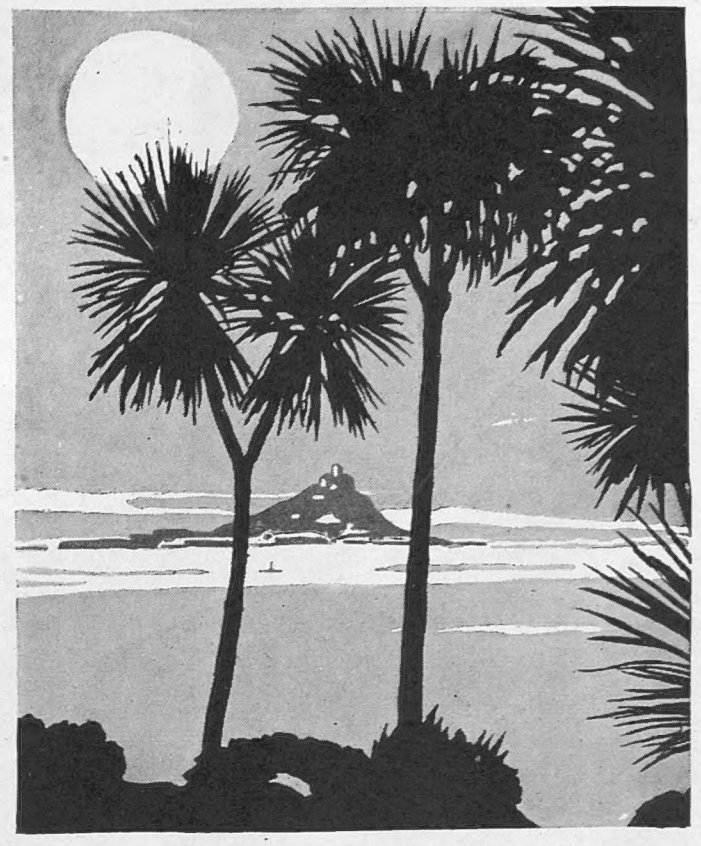

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THE SPHERE

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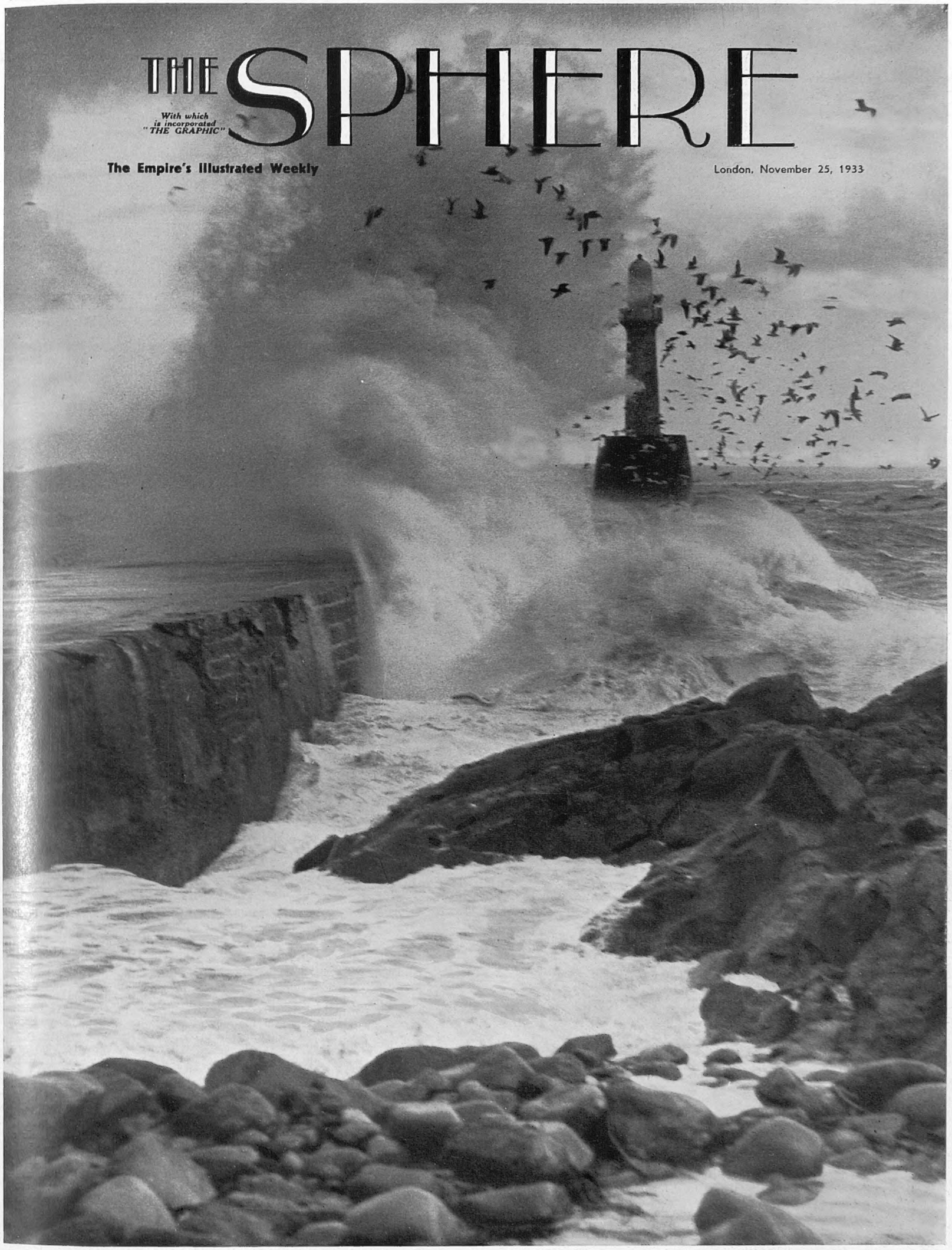
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, November 25, 1933



THE STORMS OF WINTER

Beat Against the Sea-Girt Frontiers of Britain

Autumn appears to be merging into winter more boisterously than ever, and during the past few days angry seas and gales of abnormal velocity have been beating against our rockbound coasts. This graphic picture of a giant wave landing over the south breakwater at Aberdeen typifies the severe weather conditions which have been prevailing, and which have made work exceptionally strenuous for skippers and crews of coastal vessels and the fishing fleets. The picture conveys, too, something of the rugged beauty of winter, and to some might seem symbolic of the manner in which Britain is riding out the storms of a disturbed world

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d.

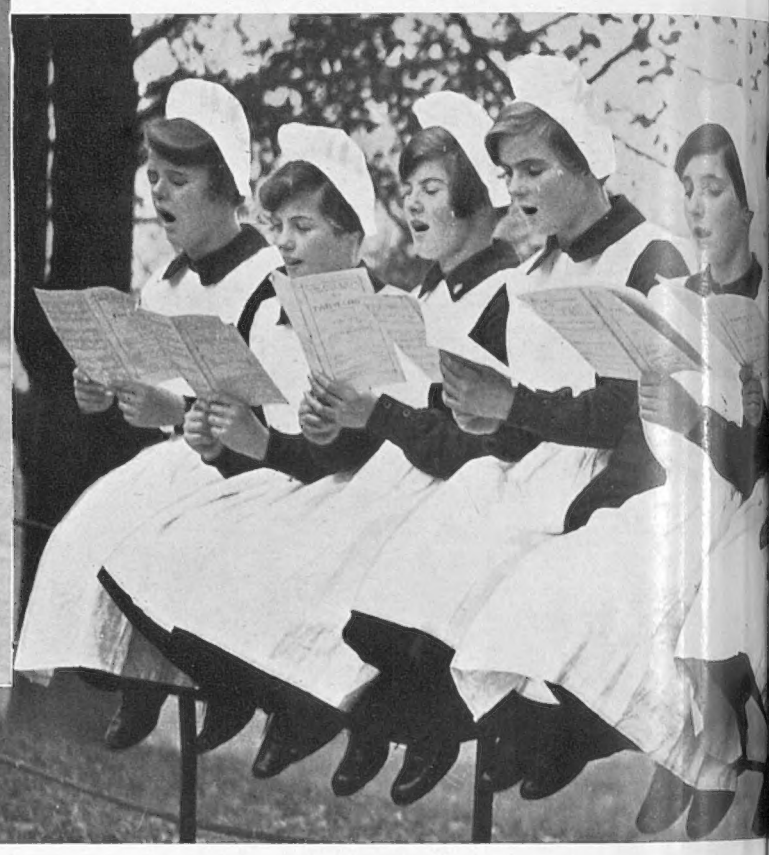
CHRISTMAS IN THE AIR: A young farm hand having difficulty with a recalcitrant bird during a round-up of turkeys at Glebe Farm, Tankersley, near Barnsley

A LONDON

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 22, 1933.

BACK TO THE EDWARDIAN AGE. — No doubt we shall wake up some day soon and find it was all a bad dream. At the moment—at least at one moment last week—it felt very much like a reality that all the high ideals and fine aims of the past decade had been stuffed into an old tin-can and dropped into the Regent's Canal with cynical laughter. In one single day we learned: (a) That Britain had decided to build bigger cruisers with heavier guns. (b) That Mussolini had declared amid roars of applause that the League of Nations was a dangerous absurdity, and that the four-Power pact (i.e. the old diplomacy on the "balance of power" principle) was the only sensible basis for European settlement. (c) That British Liberals in conclave had agreed that there was no further need of National Government, and that it was time to "cross the floor," to rebuild an Opposition, and to resume the exciting game of party politics. Armaments rivalry—the old diplomacy—party politics. Now, it is perfectly true that all these nasty-tasting old household remedies were coated with thick sugar. The First Lord was able to justify his decision to a sympathetic House and nation. Reliance on the four-Power pact is but adherence to a statesmanlike, unselfish agreement conceived in the interests of civilization. And what in the past has been so helpful, or afforded so valuable a check, as an educated and experienced Opposition in the British Parliament? Yet for those of us who are sick of fine phrases, who begin to distrust elaborate justifications and explanations, to whom formulæ and nicely chosen arrangements of words are grown as detestable as a surfeit of marrons glacés, that day's news spelt—just my caption, "*Back to the Edwardian Age.*" And with it all, there came a curiously chilling sense that in the past few days there had been a marked return to another old favourite. "Britain's Isolation." Poor old John Bull, the world's policeman, the world's nursery-maid, the world's professional aunt, everybody's henchman! He has attempted to please everyone, to agree with everybody's point of view, to put everyone's aims just a little in advance of his own, and with the inevitable result. He has pleased nobody, he has helped nobody, and he has lost several old friends. No doubt we shall wake up and find it was all a dream.

BRAVE WORDS FROM SIR HERBERT.—But there was nothing dreamy about Sir Herbert Samuel's carefully worded "Election Address" on behalf of the Liberal Party. To the old Liberal Party I am far from antagonistic. My forbears were all Whigs, the old Liberal Party wore the cloak which fell from the Whigs, and I myself was brought up to venerate the G.O.M. More than this, I clearly appreciate the need for an educated Opposition even under a National Government. Nothing has contributed more to bring parliamentary institutions into contempt than the ragged and unreasonable, ill-conceived and ill-mannered obstruction of disintegrated Socialism. On the whole, the pledge of independence declared by Sir Herbert, and the decision to cross the floor, I regard as safeguards in the uncertain future of domestic politics. The "planks" in the Liberal platform I fancy a majority of listeners must have smiled at, as I did. There was something so ingenuous about them. To-day (to everybody but politicians) programmes of reform are suspect while they are being uttered, and evoke nothing but cynical laughter. We are so used to promises, so sick of nostrums, and such strangers to performance. I welcome the transfer, while I shudder at the obvious zest with which politicians of all camps are beginning to prepare again for party warfare. There is France, sick unto death of her nineteen political parties which between them turn parliamentary government into a monstrous farce. And here to-day in England, without and within the ranks of a not ineffective National Government, are forming up a dozen factions. The Samuel Liberals, the Lloyd George Liberals, the Simonites, the Cripps revolutionaries, the National Socialists, the all-but Communists, the Baldwinites, the Churchill-Lloyd Tories, the Anti-Baldwin Conservatives, and so on. A plague on all your parties! The crisis is by no means over, and there is more need than ever of placing country before party.



HARMONY ON THE FENCE: Children of the Foundling Hospital

CAVIARE AND THE GENERAL.—In view of the fact that next week this Journal is producing the second Book Supplement (a new and welcome SPHERE feature), I am moved to make some more observations on the general subject of books and reading. The autumn book publishing season is for literature the most crowded time of the year. Then the papers devote a large proportion of their space to book reviews and advertisements; then come the book shows—a new departure — with their chosen staffs of popular authors working in reliefs to lecture on current books. How vain to prophesy! With the coming of the cinema, with the coming of radio, there were scores who prophesied that the days of reading were numbered and that publishers and booksellers would be compelled to put up their shutters. I thought so myself. I shook my head over the dangers ahead. Potted knowledge absorbed through the ears, reading without tears on the coloured and swiftly moving page of the cinema. But what has been the actuality? There are more publishers than ever, there is more book writing, book selling, and book talking than anybody conceived possible. In Sunday papers, four to six pages are devoted solely to current literature, and that in times of acute political anxiety; book shows are the order of the day and public interest in authors' methods, in authors' lives, even in authors' handwritings, is at fever heat. I don't say that this implies that ours is the great era for writers and sellers of books. It is not so. Many factors contribute to whittle down the profits from literature, but unquestionably our age is the apex of public interest in reading, and these book shows are valuable as a means of fixing standards, gauging public taste, and seeking the least devious road to truth in the confused and thronged maze of literary output and the clamour of the vendors and advertisers of books.

BEST-SELLERS AND BEST WRITERS.—Nothing is more significant than an examination of the "best-sellers" of the past decades. It shows us at once that the great bulk of readers, on whom of course authors and publishers depend for their profits, are still totally or largely unmoved and unswayed by the experts, the critics, and the aristocracy of taste. Those half-hundred "best-sellers" are in the main sorry stuff. The half of them are as dead as stinking fish and nobody could conceivably read them twice. Some fortuitous element in their composition brought them their profitable hour of glorious life and popularity; and then, as the fashion of thought which gave life and point to that fortuitous thing changed, the fabric which clothed it rotted like the tattered garments of a scarecrow. These books (despite, and not because of, the critics) the general public gobbled up as trout gobble the May fly. The critics threw their own special flies on the boiling pools but the greedy trout would have none of them. Here are four of those experts from the aristocracy of taste. Asked to catalogue the books which since the War have most deeply appealed to them, one of them gives Walker's *Loona*, Hilton's *Lost Horizon*, and *Camilla's Bouquet*. Another supplies Tansley's *New Psychology*, Dunne's *Experiment with Time*. Another is quite certain that Walter Greenwood's *Love on the Dole* is the first book of the post-War period, and that *The*

NEWSLETTER

Fortunes of Richard Mahony and Powys' *In Defence of Sensuality* are the two others best worth cataloguing with it. And the fourth, who is admittedly the most conventional of the four, includes in a far from wide selection Mann's *Magic Mountain*, Manhood's *Gay Agony*, Blaker's *Scabby Dichson*, and Isherwood's *All the Conspirators*. Now it is fair to invite an "average reader" to put his hand on his heart and declare the truth. What proportion of these books has he read? Of what proportion has he a distinct recollection of having read or heard? Under the glass cases lie those curious assortments of genius labelled "Best Sellers" which range from Arnold Zweig to Phillips Oppenheim or Evelyn Waugh, and the MSS. of the least-proved of these happy authors are examined with the same reverence and

Redhill, rehearsing their repertoire of Christmas carols

side by side with those of Scott, Byron, and so on. I am not so foolish as to suggest that literary genius died with the great Victorians; indeed, I have persistently declared that it never burned brighter or at any rate threw its rays wider. The only point I make is that in the tumult and shouting of the modern book mart all this shouting is vain; the public is little guided in its choice of favourites, and the approved guides to literary excellence cut too little ice, *materially*. Bread of every sort is cast haphazard on the waters and the fish, which eat or reject the fragments, often seem to care no more for the spoken suggestion of the experts on the bank than do trout regard the prayers or objurgations of the dry-fly fisherman.

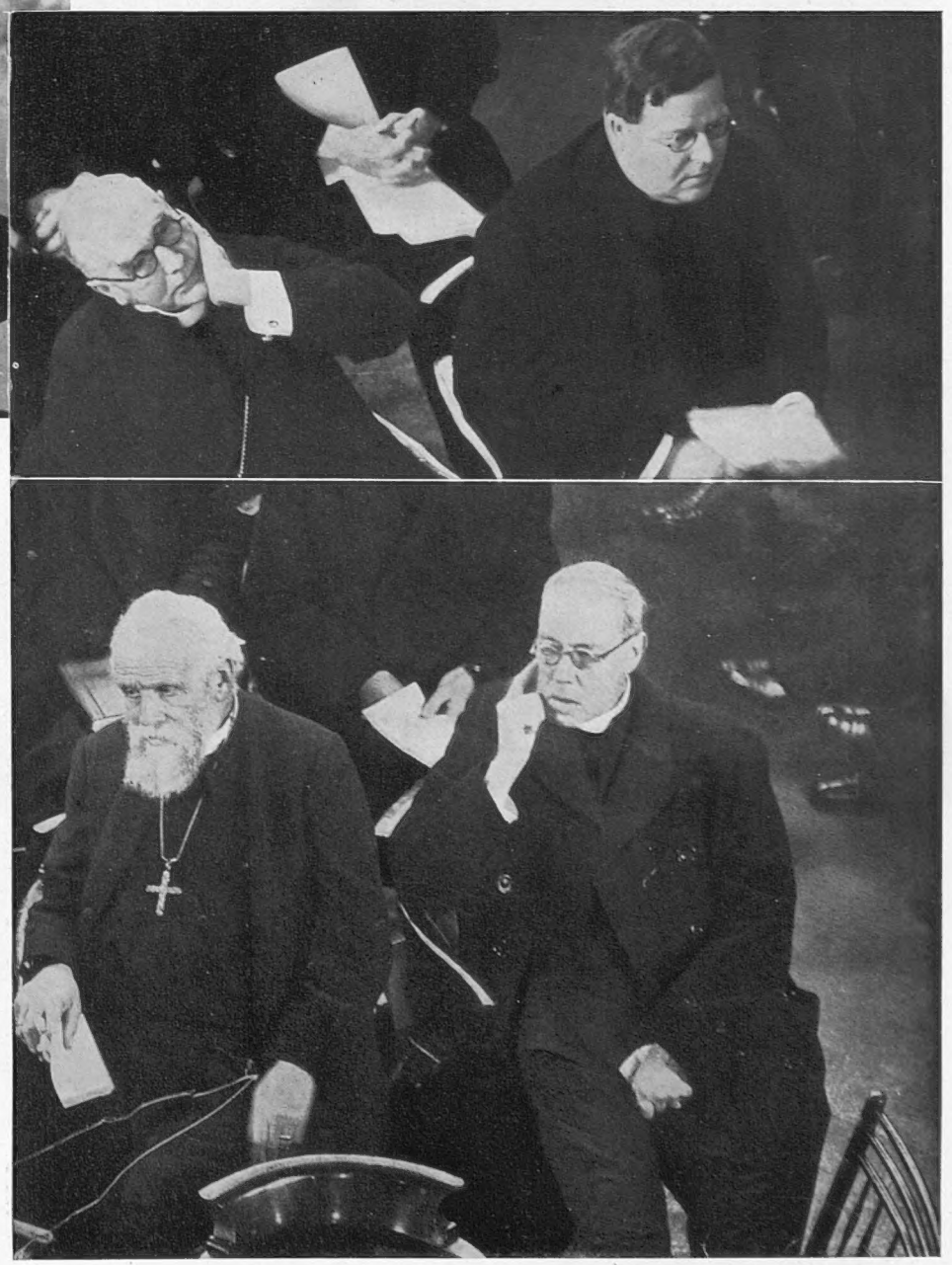
CHILDREN AND YOUNG PERSONS.—It may generally be said that the value of a new Statute is not proved until it has been for some years on the Statute Book. However cleverly and carefully drafted, only practice of its provisions can prove its efficacy. Already after a few weeks one can see the shortcomings of the Children and Young Persons Act, 1933. The newly appointed Children's Panel selects its court to deal informally and with studied gentleness with some young bully and terror of sixteen years old, to whose bravado such majesty of the law as is to be found in a Petty Sessional Court in session might act as a deterrent. On the other hand, little girls of tender age, called as witnesses in cases of assault, must still give their dreadful evidence in open court and full publicity. So with the question of toy pistols. The Firearms (Criminal Uses) Bill is being hurried willingly on to the Statute Book, but already, as Mr. Pybus pointed out, daily experience shows that it will become law lacking the clause most vital to prevent one of the dangers it seeks to avoid. The Bill as it stands cannot prevent the sale of so-called toy pistols to children between fourteen and seventeen years, the most dangerous age for experiments with firearms.

ANTI-NOISE.—A friend of mine who has temporarily transferred himself and family overseas, not solely to dodge the noise of English life, writes to me, anent the Anti-Noise League, that all his life he has loathed and shunned "anti" societies as bitterly as the evils they seek to cure. *But* that, in the unique case of the Anti-Noise League's invitation to enrol, he responded without an instant's hesitation. He has allowed cruelty to cats and babies, the desecration of the country-side, Communism, and Fascism, to advance without flinging himself into the last ditch to oppose them. He has suffered the Navy to be decimated, orange peel to lie on the pavements, the House of Stuart to remain dethroned, and India to progress towards the vague goal of nationalism, without putting his hand in his pocket to prevent them. But at the noise of anti-noise he awoke from sleep and joined the movement. In a word, he feels very strongly about noise; he regards it, as I do, as one of those brutalities of callous youth which do infinite harm, and of which the so-called authorities who have control of our social machinery ought to take note, and, realizing the dangers, to check with a firm hand. I hope that every reader of this paragraph will follow my friend's example and actively support this particular "anti"; 50 per cent. of the noise which makes modern life so difficult to bear could be cured with a little foresight, a little courage, and trifling cost. Much of it is due to the overweening *hubris* of youth, drunk with scientific triumph. At the moment the League's objectives are: (a) a standardized motor horn, adequate as a warning, but harmless to the nerves; (b) the abolition of street music in nursing-home areas. Then will follow a London mass meeting, and, I trust, a mass attack on open throttles, low-flying planes, and open-air loud-speakers.

FOR GENTLEFOLK IN DISTRESS.—I made an appeal about this time last year for the Guild of Aid for Gentlepeople, and several readers of THE SPHERE generously responded with donations to the Hon. Treasurer of the Guild, 83, Cambridge Street, Warwick Square, S.W.1. I am going to appeal once more, for there is something very moving in the opening words of the annual report: "At the present time, life is pressing very hardly on our poor Gentlepeople . . . ." What a queer word that is! To-day it almost suggests Jane Austen. With nothing but Socialist legislation and democratic concessions before us and behind us, we have long ceased to connect the idea of privilege with the term gentlefolk. That class has been drained of its life blood for the greater needs of democracy. The gentlefolk to-day are the depressed class; the fashionable charities and the State provisions for the destitute take little account of the distressed members of this distressed class. Time was when the gentry could make it a point of honour to support the old "govvy" who taught all the children to read and write, the vicar's widow left with a pittance of £40 a year, the poor old cousin long since too old and blind and deaf to seek genteel work. These old folk, whose roots are buried in the Victorian traditions, still feel that pathetic urge to "keep up appearances," but more than that, they who have known comfort and, vicariously luxury, still feel the primal urge to live, and to do that they need a little coal, a warm coat, another blanket in the bitter weather, and unless the Guild can help them they are like to go without and to sit shivering before an empty grate alone with their memories of "better days." Do my poor words send your hand to your pocket?

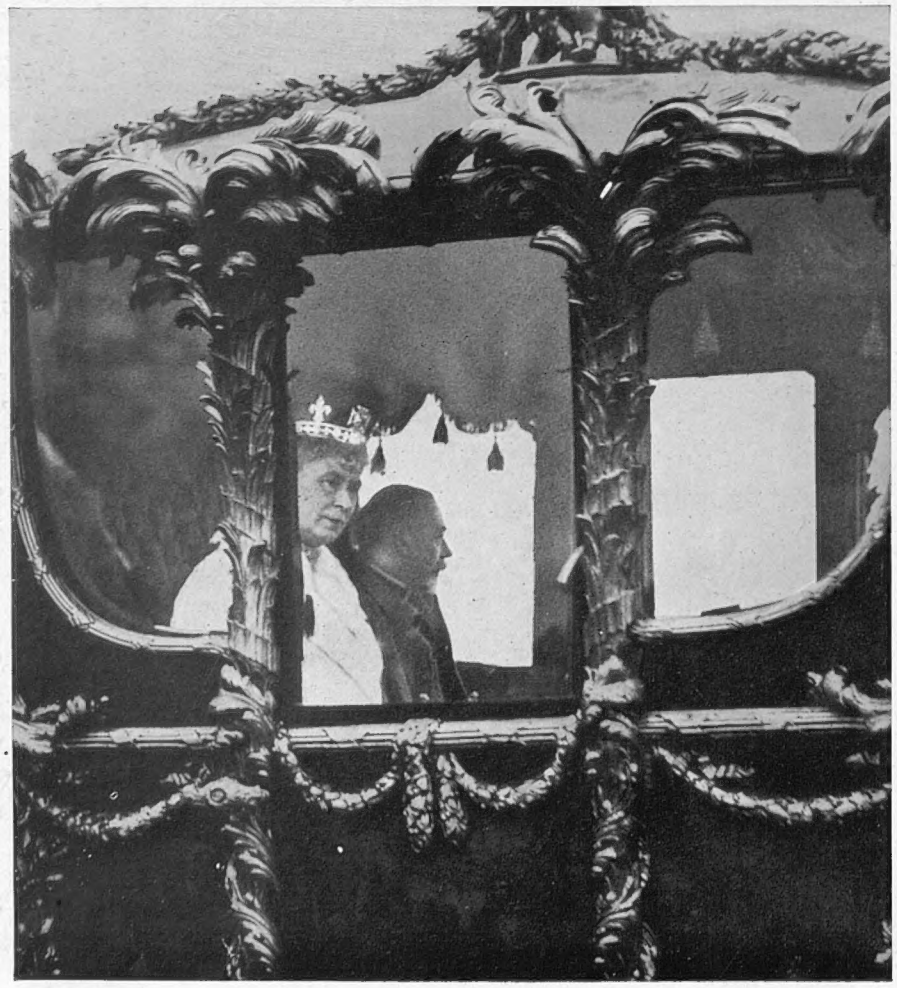
BIRRELLISM.—Mr. Augustine Birrell was a delightful and witty companion, a polished and learned writer on literature, an essayist of charm and point. He had at the Bar that moderate success which attends men of wit and quickness of mind superimposed on good abilities. But as a politician his career was a disastrous failure; the chief attraction of his character doomed him to fail as a politician. He is a lasting lesson and warning to men of his kidney not to attempt politics. Imprimis, he had a sense of humour; secondly, he was fatally prone to see both sides of a question; thirdly, he had a natural indolence of mind; fourthly, he had a fatal tendency, bred both of indolence and impartiality (not to say indifference) to procrastinate; fifthly, he was a literary man first and last and for love of literature. So, say you, was Dizzy a literary man. He was, but for him literature was an end—he wrote for money and he wrote for propaganda purposes. It is Rosebery, not Dizzy, with whom Birrell may be more readily compared. In their different characters and natures, Rosebery, George Wyndham, Sir Edward Grey, and Birrell may be loosely grouped together as men whom Nature did not design for a political career. In more ways than one, Birrell's *Obiter Dicta* will keep his memory green and welcome.

THE OLD STAGER



AT THE AUTUMN SESSION OF THE CHURCH ASSEMBLY: Four distinguished clerics listening to one of the debates at the Church House, Westminster. *Above*—The Bishop of London and the Archbishop of York. *Below*—The Bishop of Exeter and the Bishop of Norwich

THE KING AND QUEEN DRIVE TO THE OPENING OF THE NEW PARLIAMENTARY SESSION: The scene of pageantry as the Royal coach approached the House of Lords. In his address from the throne the King referred to the Government's confidence in the work of the League of Nations, and stressed the endeavours of his Ministers to promote the return of Britain to conditions which would permit the easing of the present burdens



ON THEIR WAY TO THE OPENING OF THE NEW SESSION: Their Majesties driving along the processional route to the House of Lords

THE "BERENGARIA'S" WIRELESS CREW: The men who picked up the last message from the ill-fated ship, *Saxilby*, all hope for which has now been lost

PARLIAMENT OPENS

And Other Items of Home News

THE ROYAL CHOIR BOYS, led by Dr. W. Phillips, while passing in procession down the Royal staircase from the old chapel at Hampton Court Palace after their daily carol practice. They will give selections from their repertoire during the Christmas Day services

AT CAXTON HALL: The security of pensions under the White Paper proposals was discussed at last week's meeting of the India Defence League

THE DERBYSHIRE PIT EXPLOSION: A rescue party which went with canaries in search of the miners trapped in the workings of Grassmoor Colliery. Fourteen men lost their lives

NEWS from all QUARTERS

A PRACTICAL EXAMPLE: Dr. Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, lent a hand when he inspected flood defences being built on the banks of the Danube by voluntary workers

AT THE GRAVE OF AN EMPIRE BUILDER: Pioneers, who helped to found the town of Buluwayo in 1893, placing wreaths on the grave of Cecil Rhodes in the Matoppo Hills during the recent fortieth anniversary celebrations in Rhodesia

INAUGURATING THE 631st ACADEMIC YEAR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ROME: The Secretary of the Fascist Party, with Princess Maria of Savoia and the Rector, reviewing the University's Fascist Corps

THE OFFICES OF THE NEW YORK CITY ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE CONTROL BOARD were besieged by eager crowds of applicants for licences to sell liquor when the issuing of permits followed the end of Prohibition

A WORLD HAIRDRESSING CHAMPIONSHIP: Models undergoing treatment during the recent contest for the world title at the Palais de la Mutualité, Paris. Hairdressers from all parts of the world competed

ROYALTY AT THE JAPANESE MILITARY MANŒUVRES: The Emperor (on white charger) on his way to the mimic battle which was staged recently on the vast plains near the Kuzuryugawa River

AMERICA RECOGNIZES RUSSIA: Mr. William C. Bullitt, who has been appointed U.S. Ambassador in Moscow. This is the first American diplomatic appointment in Russia since 1917

M. LITVINOFF, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, whose visit to Washington and exchange of notes with the President has resulted in a renewal of diplomatic relations between Russia and America

A PRE-ELECTION STRIKE IN BARCELONA: Guards keeping watch in the business quarter of the city to prevent the spread of riots during the last feverish days before polling. Women have for the first time been allowed a vote, which many of them appear to have exercised against the present regime

A SOUTH COAST CLIFF COLLAPSE

And a Monster of the Sea Captured off Deal Beach, New Jersey

A NEW PROMONTORY: As a result of heavy rains on the South Coast many thousands of tons of chalk and subsoil suddenly crashed into the sea last week between St. Margaret's Bay and Leathercote Point—a few hundred yards from the Dover Patrol Memorial. The fall resulted in the debris creating a 15 ft. high promontory which extended out to sea for about 150 yds.

A GIANT OF THE DEPTHS: A great manta or devil fish captured by Captain A. Kahn (on left of right-hand group) while fishing with a party of friends some five miles off Deal Beach, New Jersey, U.S.A. This marine monster, which weighs 5,000 lb. and is over 20 ft. wide, has been placed on exhibition in New York. This species is found in the warmer American waters and is notable for its extreme ugliness

BRITAIN'S NEED

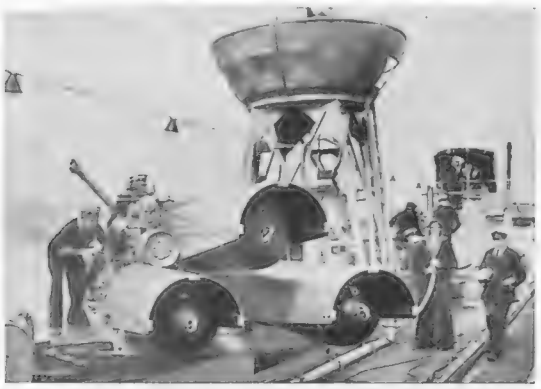
BRITAIN'S DESTROYERS: A force that may soon be as far below strength as the cruisers

The Necessity for the 9,000-ton Cruisers — Our Present Strength Compared with that of Other Nations

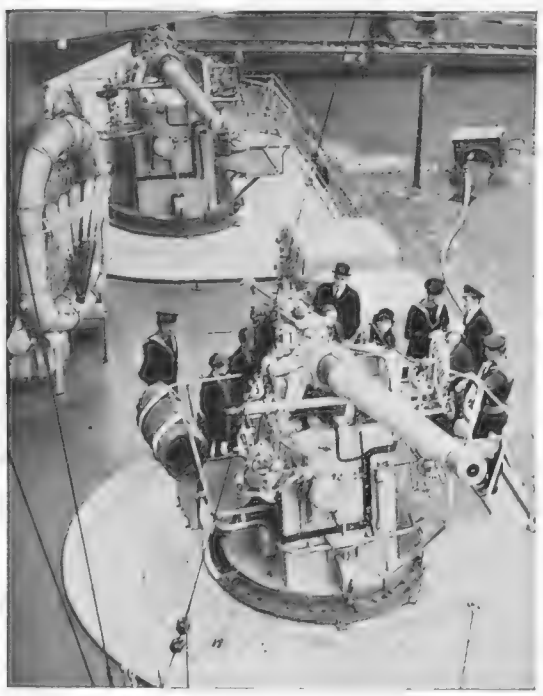
By FRANK C. BOWEN

In reply to a question in Parliament asking the First Lord of the Admiralty whether any alterations in the 1933 naval building programme were contemplated, Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell pointed out that it had been decided to include two cruisers of a new type of about 9,000 tons. It appears from his speech that this step was taken with much regret, as it had been hoped that other nations would have agreed to cruisers of a maximum of 7,000 tons. Replying to another question regarding the approximate increases and decreases since 1914 in the personnel of the world's leading naval forces, the Minister stated that the United States and Japan had estimated increases of 39,700 and 40,000 respectively and Great Britain a decrease of 55,400

Ever since the luckless and much-criticized Washington Naval Disarmament Treaty settled the maximum size of cruisers at 10,000 tons standard displacement and the maximum calibre of their guns at 8 in., on account of the existence of the British *Hawkins* type (big but underarmed with a few 7·5 in. guns as they were built for a special purpose during the War) the British delegates to the various conferences have been trying to get the other Powers to agree to a smaller maximum tonnage for the cruiser class, and a restriction to the 6-in. gun in all future construction. As usual in such international agreements the maximum immediately became the minimum, and every nation built cruisers of what is universally known now as the "Washington type" with a displacement of 10,000 tons and as many 8-in. guns as could be crowded in with due regard for the modern demand for speed.



PREPARING TORPEDO TUBES FOR ACTION: A striking study taken aboard a British destroyer during the recent autumn manœuvres



THE NAVY'S NEWEST CRUISER: Visitors being shown over H.M.S. *Leander* (7,000-ton type)

We have shown our own willingness to reduce the offensive power of cruisers by building several smaller types before any other navy made the slightest effort in that direction. First there was the *Cathedral* type of 8,400 tons mounting six 8-in. guns against the eight or ten of the Washington class. This is obviously a defensive design; they could not carry out the offensive operations of the Washingtons, but at least had a chance of meeting them in battle, considering that the raiding cruiser never dare risk very much damage in action when she is farther away from her repairing base. After the *Cathedrals* came the *Leander* type with a displacement of 7,000 tons, and finally the 5,200-ton *Arethusas* with six 6-in. pieces.

Japan has expressed her willingness to follow the British lead and to agree to a maximum of 7,000 tons and 6-in. guns, but it must be remembered that with their peculiar circumstances they can manage to get a very much more offensive and defensive value out of every 1,000 tons displacement than either the Europeans or the Americans.

In any circumstances Japan is unable to make any move owing to the attitude of the United States, for as it has already shown in its battleships the American administration feels that it must have the biggest possible units of all types. They depend entirely on the democracy for the money to carry on the service, and the American democracy always has to be impressed with size and power or tickled with "stunts." It must be remembered in justice that the history of the American Navy shows repeated cases of public apathy, causing the fleet to disappear almost entirely.

This insistence of the other signatories to the London Treaty on the construction of large and powerful cruisers caused the First Lord to make his announcement of an important change in British cruiser policy in the House of Commons last week. According to the original plan the 1933 building programme was to consist of one ship of the *Leander* type with a displacement of 7,250 tons, and three of the *Arethusa* type with a displacement of 5,200 tons. This has been changed to one *Arethusa* and two ships of an entirely new type, with a displacement of 9,000 tons, and an armament that will probably consist of twelve 6-in. guns.

Even so they will still be less powerful than their American and Japanese counterparts. The Japanese are building a class of ship with a displacement of 8,500 tons, a speed of 33 knots and no less than fifteen 5·5-in. guns of a new semi-automatic pattern with very long range, and capable of firing ten aimed rounds per minute. By arranging these guns in five triple turrets on the centre line, they will all be able to bear on either broadside. The Americans are building 10,000-ton ships with a speed of 34 knots and twelve or more 6-in. guns, but they are keeping the plans very secret.

In 7·5 and 8-in. gun cruisers the British inferiority is still more definite. We have 126 such guns in our cruiser fleet, while the United States have 157 and the Japanese 132, but our number will be still further reduced by the scrapping of the *Hawkins* class, while Japan and America keep their ships until worn out.

Britain's desire for a 6-in. gun maximum is not only a gesture of our sincerity, for such a ship is essentially defensive, but is good, sound policy. Frankly, Britain cannot afford 8-in. Washington ships with a powerful battery capable of sending a hail of 256-lb. shells immense distances with high speed, but, as far as protection is concerned, as bare as the proverbial paunch of the purser's sow. Naturally, we would like big ships to meet the big ships of other nations on equal terms, but the quota only allows us a limited number of units, and a concentration on big ships would mean that long legs of our essential food lanes would have to be left quite unprotected, and liable to be cut to pieces by auxiliary corsairs converted from ordinary tramp steamers like the *Moewe* and *Wolf* during the late War. To defend our food supplies numbers are essential. There is an obvious risk in pitting a 6-in. gun ship against one mounting 8-in. pieces, even reckoning the care that the raider always has to take of herself, but risks must be run in some directions in any circumstances while Britain, whose need for cruisers for perfectly legitimate defensive purposes is greater than that of any other nation, has an actual inferiority.

The change of programme, indeed, opens up another risk, for the three little *Arethusas* were not only to be useful for the defence of trade lanes within very strict limits but they were also intended to form a screen for the battle fleet and to maintain the defensive patrols that are necessary in home waters. During the War we laid down no less than thirty-two ships of the C and D class cruisers for this purpose; in addition we took over two which were building for Greece and had quite a big fleet built and building at the outbreak.

With the C and D classes now rapidly wearing out and far surpassed by their more modern counterparts abroad, the Navy simply cannot have ships of this class while the present agreement lasts—among their duties it should be remembered is the prevention of raids by enemy forces, and the bombardment of coastal towns like Scarborough and Ramsgate, which were bombarded during the War—and the work will have to be done by destroyers, although it is fully acknowledged that they are incapable of doing it adequately.

In any circumstances our position is as bad with regard to destroyers as it is with cruisers. Under the London Treaty we have a quota of 150,000 tons, but when that Treaty comes up for discussion in 1936 only 48,040 tons of these will be inside the limit of obsolescence laid down by international agreement.

DAWN: A member of the crew of H.M.S. *Furious* (aircraft carrier) removing the overtaking or stern light—the first duty at daybreak

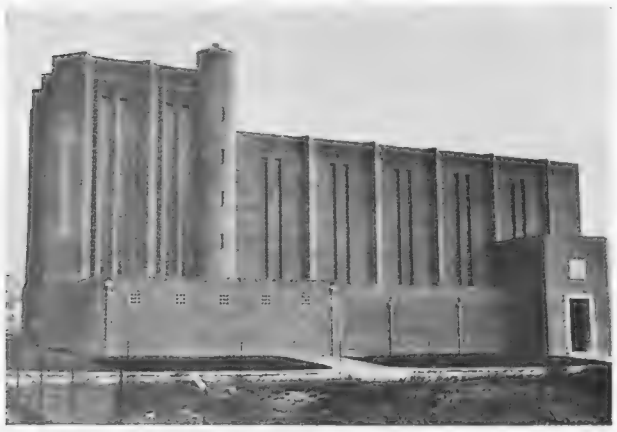
THE FLEET IN SCOTTISH WATERS

A PORT-HOLE VIEW: Dusk on an autumn evening pictured by the camera from the cabin of a battleship

A CHOPPY SEA: The destroyer H.M.S. *Vidette* seen from the deck of H.M.S. *Furious*. *Left*—Another striking early morning view among the western islands of Scotland

THE BEAUTY AND SEVERITY OF GRANITE: A new impression of the Finnish Parliament House at Helsingfors which was erected two years ago to take the place of an unsuitable private building

A MUHAMMADAN MOSQUE IN CARLTON GARDENS? It has been suggested that a building somewhat on these lines should be erected on this site as the principal centre for Muhammadans living in London. This rather disturbing plan, however, does not seem likely to mature



THE SUBJECT OF VIOLENT CRITICISM: The new church of St. Saviour, Eltham, which many of the parishioners have refused to attend on account of its "futuristic" architectural style

A FACTORY OF THE FUTURE: The striking exterior of a glass and concrete building which has been erected in the modern German style in the neighbourhood of Croydon Aerodrome

IN THE MODERN GEORGIAN MANNER: This house in Trafalgar Square, Chelsea, has recently been completed for Lord Vernon (R.N. retired) by Oliver Hill. This delightful façade is correlated by a terminal wall to a house of similar character on the right. *Right*—A view of the hall in Lord Vernon's house showing how the style of the exterior has been preserved throughout the interior

ARCHITECTURE TO-DAY

Finland's Imposing Parliament House Revisited

The Finnish Parliament was formerly divided into four estates: the nobles, the clergy, the tradespeople, and the peasants. In 1906 the Single Chamber system was adopted, but there was no suitable building available to house the 200 deputies with any comfort. From 1919, when Finland declared her independence, to 1931 the Chamber was unsuitably housed in a private building, but two years ago the present Parliament House was completed, and provides a dignified setting for the work of legislation in an independent republic.

The Parliament House is situated on the main highway of Helsingfors, leading westward, between the National Museum and the Academy of Music.

The façade is composed of granite blocks broken by long, narrow windows and doors. The centre of gravity is formed by the Hall of Session, a circular room roofed by a cupola, in which no superimposed scheme of decoration is allowed to interfere with the artistic and architectural forms.

The austerely beautiful lines of the exterior are repeated in exquisite marbles of white and silvery grey in the interior. Warm grey is the prevailing tone of colour on walls and woodwork, save where an archway or alcove is lined with soft pastel blue. All the tapestries and hangings were designed and woven specially for the rooms in which they are used, and every detail down to the colour of the ashtrays has been thought out and fits in with the general scheme.

The deputies, who have to live up to this exquisite setting as far as they humanly can, sit in semi-circular rows with desks in front of them, and a system of electric buttons enables them to record their votes without rising from their seats. The hall is surrounded by a circular corridor and galleries for the public, the Press, and foreign representatives.

The Future of Carlton House Terrace

Eighteen months ago the area comprised by Carlton House Terrace and Carlton Gardens was regarded as being the most select of all residential properties, absolutely safe from commercialization. All the leases were "strictly residential," with the exception of the Union Club. Suddenly the Commissioners of Crown Lands dumped an office building in the midst of this former paradise of residential London. What, therefore, was the value of a "strictly residential" lease? Semi-authentic plans for the destruction and spoliation bit by bit of this fine Terrace came to light. The residents were incensed, and it is not surprising that a possible client looking for a fine house refuses to buy for a large sum of money the lease of a house in an area which has recently received such arbitrary treatment.

What will eventually happen to the Terrace and Gardens is still in the balance. The plans for pulling it down bit by bit and rebuilding it over a period of sixty years have been nipped in the bud. But the original dignity and character of the area have been spoilt. An Advisory Committee to the Commissioners of Crown Lands has been appointed for the special purpose of ensuring the proper management of property such as this. The Advisory Committee has been collecting evidence bearing on the present and future of the Terrace and Gardens from residents, architects, the London County Council, the Westminster City Council, and the Carlton House Terrace Defence Committee. It is certain that no decision will be arrived at in a hurry.

One disturbing plan on foot is the erection of a mosque in Carlton Gardens. There is no Muhammadan centre in London, Woking being their headquarters, and no one can criticize them for desiring a mosque in London. But Carlton Gardens overlooks the Mall, and the intrusion of such violently opposed architecture seems very inappropriate. One can immediately visualize Hindu temples, synagogues, every religion clustering jealously nearer and nearer to the centre—Buckingham Palace. But doubtless the Advisory Committee can safely be trusted not to allow Nash's historic houses to receive such a violent architectural shock.

If the Terrace must eventually be rebuilt all the existing leases must fall in together and it must be treated and planned as a whole. Meanwhile offers are being made to the Crown for the conversion of the interior of the empty houses into flats. The exteriors would remain untouched, and the houses would be occupied and paying their way. But to such offers the Crown apparently deigns neither a "yea" nor a "nay."

POISED IN UNISON: These young pupils of the Bedford Dancing School, Dulwich, are practising for the coming Christmas entertainments. Some of them will take part in the London pantomimes

BALLERINE

Youth Lends Charm and Grace to the Ballet

THE THREE GRACES: Charming curtseys at the end of a fairy-like dance

RHYTHMIC REFLECTIONS: An efficient quartet of child dancers from the Chandos School of Dancing. It has been suggested that they give a display to aid Westminster Hospital in raising £100,000 required for securing a site for rebuilding

FUTURE ARTISTS OF THE BALLET: Rehearsing new steps at the Worthing School of Dancing in readiness for the approaching Christmas performances

THE DRESSING CORNER: A young pupil of Italia Conti assisting a friend in putting on her ballet dress

BY THE FAITHLESS ZUIDER ZEE

Where the Fisherfolk Must Learn the Art of Agriculture

BY THE ZUIDER ZEE: Derelict fishing craft drawn up on the southern shore

DUTCH FISHER-GIRLS waiting to sort, clean, salt, and dry the fish as they are brought in from the waters of the Zuider Zee

LIGHTNING HANDS: Fisher-girls dealing with the day's catch. The gradual decline in the fishing industry will put many of them out of employment

KEEN EYES are necessary to sort the fish. The girls receive their training for this task in an unique school at Volendam which for centuries has enjoyed the reputation of a national institution

THE DAY'S WORK DONE: The fisher-girls rush to change into their clean aprons after dealing with the catch. Their black caps are replaced on Sundays by pretty white head-dresses

The unique "fisher-girls school," which for centuries has contributed to the fame and progress of Holland's great fishing industry, is threatened with extinction as a result of the reclamation of the Zuider Zee.

At the quaint old town of Volendam, where this school has always enjoyed a reputation as a national institution, there are many sad hearts and faces at the prospect of its disappearance.

The colossal task of reclaiming the famous Zuider Zee on which an army of workmen has been engaged for ten years is now nearing completion, and what has been until the present one of the richest fishing seas in the whole world will become instead a vast expanse of pastoral and ploughed land.

"Within ten years there won't be any sea here at all," the old fisherman who showed me round sadly informed me. "This harbour will be dry, these fishing smacks which shelter here will be destroyed or burnt, these sorting sheds which you are inspecting will be deserted, this 'school,' where our wives and daughters learn their 'career' which has made our name famous throughout the world and has provided them with a living, will be closed for ever.

"What shall we do then?" he asked pathetically. "And furthermore, what will our children do? for it is not easy to transform fisher people into agricultural labourers and women fish-curers into women farmers."

"Fish sorting is by no means easy work to learn," explained my guide, "for it is necessary to be exceptionally quick and to have a sure eye to avoid mistakes.

"Although the men go fishing in the boats and deliver their catches to wholesale buyers, it is the women who really do all the hard work. It is they who sort, clean, and salt the fish, and it is they who fix them at specified regular distances on the green wood sticks on which they are dried and smoked.

"At one time our women made much money this way; but to-day, whether it is due to the general trade depression or because the Zuider Zee is getting smaller and smaller, things are not so good.

"We are told that the drying up of the Zuider Zee is necessary, that Holland has too much water and too little land, that one cannot live only by fishing, and that one must also have cattle, corn, and potatoes.

"All this may be true, but it is also true that our life has always been spent on the sea, that we have always been fisher-folk and navigators. We have ever gained our bread by our maritime trade and the fertility of the sea that surrounds us. Why transform us into landsmen when we were practically born on the water?"

The old fellow's countenance clouded; to him the future seemed black and menacing. Yet beside him the fisher-girls, with their old-fashioned long dresses and black bonnets, seemed blithely unconcerned with the future. Smiling and happy they continued to pick out with their little hands the herrings from their salt bath and to place the fish on the long green sticks ready for smoking. To them it all seemed amusing and natural. No doubt, in the near future, these same pretty little hands would find it equally amusing and interesting to gather tulips and narcissi which will flourish where to-day the last boats of the fishing fleet bring in their last cargoes from the faithless Zuider Zee.

Hans van Hagen

SOCIALISM under the SWASTIKA

Training for Legal and Professional Students Designed to Bring them into Closer Touch with the Life of the Proletariat

ROUGH AND READY MASSAGE: An early morning scene under the pump at the newly established camp at Jüterbog where law students, before taking their finals, undergo a six weeks' intensive physical culture course

SELF-HELP: A law student at the Jüterbog Camp blacks his own shoes in the courtyard. Those undergoing the course do all their own work, as it is the opinion of the Government that before entering their profession they should have an intimate knowledge of the life led by those engaged in manual labour

ORGANIZED DISCUSSIONS AMONG THE STUDENTS are another feature of life at Jüterbog Camp. Events in Germany to-day and the aims and ideals of the National Socialist administration are, of course, the most discussed topics

BACK TO EARTH: The sons of aristocratic German parents who, before graduating for college, must undergo a period of physical training in a labour camp. It is hoped that in this way they will learn to understand the outlook of the proletariat

STUDYING THE COST OF LIVING: It is the aim of the National Socialists that sons of well-to-do parents shall understand the struggle for existence of those who are in a different position from themselves

DEBATING ECONOMICS: Another study from a students' camp

On this page we give typical pictures from two sets of photographs which have recently reached us from Germany. Both are of very considerable importance in that they help to provide a full mental picture of what is going on under Chancellor Hitler's administration. The Nazi body is a National Socialist one, and the National Swastika side of the movement has received a great amount of publicity during recent months. But the Socialist side is also being developed, and this is the aspect of German life to-day which is illustrated above. Both the legal and the more general type of student have to undergo a special form of training which will bring them into actual touch with the life of the proletariat. By getting close to the earth these students are to find, if possible, the primitive virtues of the manual labouring classes. No pictures or notes have reached us from Germany of any attempt to instil into the proletariat the virtues of the cultured

WHAT WILL HIS NEXT CARD BE? President Roosevelt during the past few months has made a dramatic bid for prosperity. Some think he has gone too far, others think not far enough. Meanwhile the future well-being of the United States hangs on his every decision

WHITHER AMERICA?

Chaos or Prosperity?

By J. BAKER WHITE

Something over six months has elapsed since President Roosevelt and his chief assistant, General Johnson, launched the National Recovery Act, released the Blue Eagle, and undertook the vast task of restoring prosperity to the United States. When the plan was put into operation General Johnson fixed a period of sixty days, after which its success or failure might be judged. Certain difficulties and problems arose over which the N.R.A. administrators had no control, and it was only fair that judgment should be postponed. The plan has now run in full operation for more than ninety days, and the time has come for taking stock.

The National Recovery Act set out to do seven main things—shorten working hours and raise wages; revive depressed industries and reduce unemployment; assist agriculture; increase purchasing power and encourage the public to spend. The acid test would therefore appear to be whether the plan has achieved these aims, or rather whether it seems likely to achieve them. It is only on examination of results that it is possible to make any conclusive estimate and to attempt to answer the question: Whither America? Chaos or Prosperity?

The move to shorten working hours and raise wages was almost the first part of the plan to be put into operation. Codes were prepared for the chief industrial groups, and were signed—some fairly readily, others under pressure. Working hours were shortened and wages were raised. American organized labour greeted this move with warm approval; so did the British Trade Union Congress at Brighton. The results of it can be seen to-day, and they are not encouraging. Less work for more money inevitably means a rise in industrial production costs, and to-day the American public are feeling the results.

The changed attitude of American labour to the National Recovery campaign, as a result of the increase in the working-class cost of living, is illuminating. The delegates who attended the Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labour in Washington at the end of October came away wondering why they started out so enthusiastically in favour of N.R.A. One skilled observer at the Convention remarked that "the forty-hour week and 12 to 15 dollars minimum wages will solve neither the problem of unemployment nor that of absorbing the country's normal production." Miss Francis Perkins, of the Department of Labour, admitted at the Convention that "one of the problems of the day is how to get an increase in real wages, for increases will mean nothing if prices go up." That is the crux of the problem. Wages have gone up, production costs have gone up, retail prices are going up, and show every sign of going up a good deal further. Some experts believe that by the end of the winter *real* wages will be lower than in the pre-Roosevelt days.

In its attempt to speed up the wheels of industry the National Recovery plan has not been successful. Statistics tell their own story. This table shows the position in the heavy industries:—

Production in Tons

	July	September
Pig iron - -	1,792,000	1,522,000
Steel - - -	3,203,000	2,311,000
	August	September
Coal - - -	33,852,000	29,495,000
	September	October
Furnaces in blast	98	89

The Decline in the U.S. Heavy Industries

In mid-July steel production was 59 per cent. of capacity; to-day it is only about 34 per cent., and is likely to fall still further. Motor-car sales, and so production, are falling, due mainly to seasonal influences. Electrical power production, though at a high level, has not risen appreciably since July. Cotton consumption was 575,937 bales in September, against 671,841 bales in August and 558,229 bales in September, 1932. Statistics in other industries show that, broadly speaking, there has not been any real improvement in the industrial situation since the National Recovery plan came into being. The leaders of industry are frankly unhappy about the present state of affairs. Many of them, like Mr. Ford, are passive resisters to the labour codes. They complain, with justification, that the N.R.A. has brought serious labour troubles with it. There have been strikes and riots from coast to coast. Many industrialists are pessimistic about the outlook for the coming months. Some, fearful of rising production costs, are transferring their activities to Canada.

So far as the reduction of unemployment is concerned, the plan has fallen far short of the hopes of its sponsors. General Johnson claimed at its inception that it would put 6,000,000 people to work before Labour Day, September 4. On that date he was something over 4,000,000 short of the estimate. The latest statistics show that there are about 11,000,000 workless people in the States. This means that since the plan was introduced about 2,500,000 people have found work. That is a remarkable achievement, but certain experts predict an increase in unemployment this winter. The figures of falling industrial production would seem to bear out this assertion.

It was anticipated that 1,000,000 men would be active on public works before October 1. The number at work to-day is still far short of that figure. The President has asked for £150,000,000 for the relief of the destitute unemployed during the winter, to be spent on food and clothing. The disturbed labour situation does not make the situation any easier. It is not an unfair statement to say that so far as creating work is concerned the plan is far short of achievement. It aimed to put about seven million people to work before the winter. Up to date it is some four-and-a-half millions short of the mark.

The agricultural situation is really serious, for large numbers of farmers are in revolt against the Government. Strikes and riots are widespread, and their leaders have warned the President that unless something is done immediately to assist them there will be more and worse trouble. The root of the trouble is, of course, the rise in the prices of the goods the farmers have to buy and the serious fall in the prices of most of the things they have to sell. Between April 15 and July 15 the prices of most agricultural commodities rose. With the exception of wool, cotton, flaxseed, and eggs, most of the farmers' products have lost their gains since July. The Recovery Plan promised higher agricultural prices. In spite of all efforts by the Government—including the purchase and destruction of 6,000,000 pigs and quantities of wheat, the ploughing in of millions of acres of cotton and the subsidizing of crop reduction—prices have fallen. Many of the American farmers are of very limited education and intelligence, and cannot appreciate the Government's troubles. All they care about is that they are getting less for their milk and vegetables and are paying more for their clothes and manufactured foodstuffs. They are angry with the Government, and the farm strikes are an expression of their anger.

The nation-wide appeal to "Buy now" has not been particularly successful. Spending by the public rose in the early days of the plan, when everyone was full of the enthusiasm and the "ballyhoo" was in full swing. *Since then prices have risen and spending has declined.* Department store sales in central New York during the first half of October were 2·2 per cent. below those of a year ago, and the "Buy now" week, which ended on October 14, was far from being a success. Speaking generally, retail trade decreased during September, and uncertainty about the monetary situation resulted in a further decline in October. Lots of people are worried and sceptical about the plan, and are not in the mood to go out and spend money. Nor are they so easily influenced by "prosperity propaganda" as they were a year ago.

To-day President Roosevelt and General Johnson are facing a very difficult situation. They have lost many friends. Many banks and industrialists are now actively opposed to them and the plan. The farmers are openly hostile. The labour situation is explosive, and the American Federation of Labour from being friendly has become critical. The stability of the dollar is an ever present and pressing problem. The public as a whole has lost a good deal of its enthusiasm. There is no doubt that both the President and General Johnson have lost some of their early confidence. Early in August the General promised that by early October the plan would have shown whether it would succeed or fail. He did not show the same confidence when he addressed the American Federation of Labour on October 16, and referred to "a way out of this mess."

The plan may eventually bring back prosperity to America, but it will take time, and at the moment there are some very large obstacles in the path of success. It is more evident than ever that its successful operation is dependent very largely on the personality and driving force of the President, in fact upon his ability to fulfil the role of dictator. Some people in this country and in America are declaring that the plan has failed. That is dangerous talk, but it would be equally dangerous to predict success. Others are wondering what failure may mean. General Johnson has declared that it would mean "economic hell." One senator has gone so far as to predict an American Soviet Republic, while

(*Continued on p. 338*)

IN REVOLT AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT: The farmers and milk producers are dissatisfied with the President and his administration. According to Mr. Baker White, all they realize is that they are getting less for their milk, and they want to know the reason why

NEWS FROM JAPAN

HONOURING A DISTINGUISHED JAPANESE EMPIRE BUILDER AND STATESMAN: The scene during the twenty-fifth memorial service for the late Prince Hirobumi Ito, which took place recently at the cemetery of the Ito family at Omori, Tokyo. The prince, who was assassinated at Harbin in 1909, was chiefly responsible for Japan's domination of Korean affairs and was instrumental in introducing to his country the decimal coinage system

BOUQUETS FOR THE BOBBIES: Girl students of the Primary School at Fukagawa, Tokyo, visited traffic policemen during a summer heat-wave in the city and presented them with bouquets and drinks of cold water. Their gifts were evidently much appreciated

IMPERIAL VISITORS TO THE TOKYO ZOO: The Princesses Teru, Taka, and Yori, the first, third, and fourth daughters of the Emperor and Empress of Japan

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR FREDERIC C. DREYER, Commander-in-Chief China Station, and Lady Dreyer chatting with young players at the Gekijyo Theatre, Tokyo, during their recent visit to Japanese waters

A FAMOUS JAPANESE RESTAURANT: This modest looking establishment in a side street of Kobe is famed for its food and has been nominated the headquarters of the "Japanese Society of Stomach Worshippers"

MAKING GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

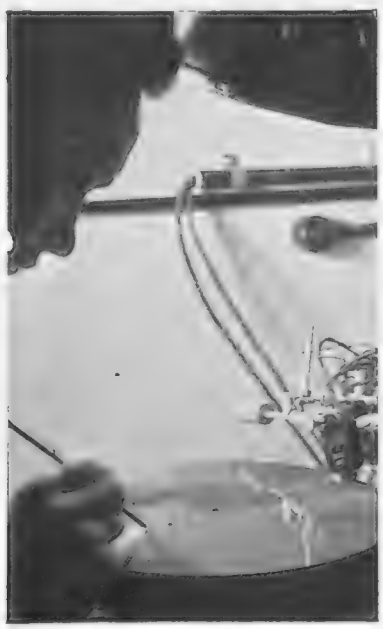
THE FIRST STAGE: The violinist-conductor is standing between two condenser microphones. One of these is visible on his left next to the clock instrument which shows the time which the record still has to run

MUSICIANS CONSULT WITH THE ENGINEER: They are listening to the record which has just been played off from the soft wax. This may be done a dozen or more times before satisfaction is obtained

PREPARING THE WAXED DISCS: In order to secure perfect registration of the sounds from the instruments on the surface of the smooth wax disc, it is carefully warmed in an electric stove

MIXING THE SOUNDS: The varied sounds from an orchestral piece are controlled by a special operator so that voice and instrument shall blend in proper proportion

THE RECORDING PROCESS: The sound picked up by the microphone is passed through amplifiers before it affects the diamond cutting needle. The operator is watching the action of the needle



THE LAST STAGE: *Right*—The disc is carefully scrutinized through a microscope so that any possible flaw may be detected and corrected and (*left*) if perfect is marked with its identification number

EXPLORING THE STRATOSPHERE

FILLING THE BALLOON: This may rise to as much as twice the height of Everest. It is filled with hydrogen gas

WATCHING THE ASCENT: As the balloon goes up its height is judged by means of a theodolyte placed on a stand in the grounds of the observatory

A special department of the Kew Observatory is chiefly occupied in making observations of the temperature and humidity of the atmosphere at very great heights. As there is no way of reaching these remote regions by means of any apparatus controlled from the ground, the method adopted is to attach a small self-recording instrument to a small balloon filled with hydrogen. The balloon is about 3 or 4 ft. in diameter and is made of the best rubber, a label is attached offering a suitable reward to the finder, and the balloon is then released and allowed to go where it will.

Observations have been made in this manner in various countries for about twenty-five years, and many surprising facts have been discovered about the upper part of the atmosphere, commonly called the stratosphere, which were before then quite unknown. The work is purely of a research nature, carried on to increase our knowledge of the laws controlling the behaviour of the atmosphere. Put otherwise, it may be said to be part of a continuous endeavour on the part of meteorologists to understand the why and the wherefore of the weather, without which further progress cannot be made in the useful art of forecasting the weather.

Observations with balloons in different parts of the world are usually made on the same days, which have been decided beforehand by an international committee. The workers in different countries, while all engaged in a common endeavour, do not all employ the same type of instruments. The photographs show the instruments used for the purpose in England, and with slight modifications the same type is used in some other parts of the British Empire. The British instrument was originally designed by the late W. H. Dines, F.R.S. It is of the type known as the Baro-Thermograph, and its particular distinguishing feature is its extreme lightness. The working parts do not weigh more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz., yet at the same time it is remarkably accurate. It makes a continuous record of pressure, temperature, and humidity by engraving fine lines on a small piece of silvered metal about the size of a postage stamp.

The record when made is so minute that details of the temperature, and to a lesser extent the humidity, of every layer of the atmosphere between the ground and a height more than twice that of Mount Everest can barely be seen with the naked eye. A microscope is necessary to read it.

THE SILVERED PLATE: This delicate little instrument may be carried 60,000 ft. above the earth's surface. It will show minute markings which are records of pressure, temperature, and humidity

NECESSARY PROTECTION: The delicate mechanism of the silvered plate is placed within an aluminium cover

SO FINE ARE THE LINES on the Baro-Thermograph that they have to be read off under a microscope

To ANTARCTICA

The Start of the Byrd Expedition

AN EFFECTIVE MEANS OF ANTARCTIC TRANSPORT: A car built for the Byrd Expedition by a French firm of manufacturers. The front wheels are mounted on skis

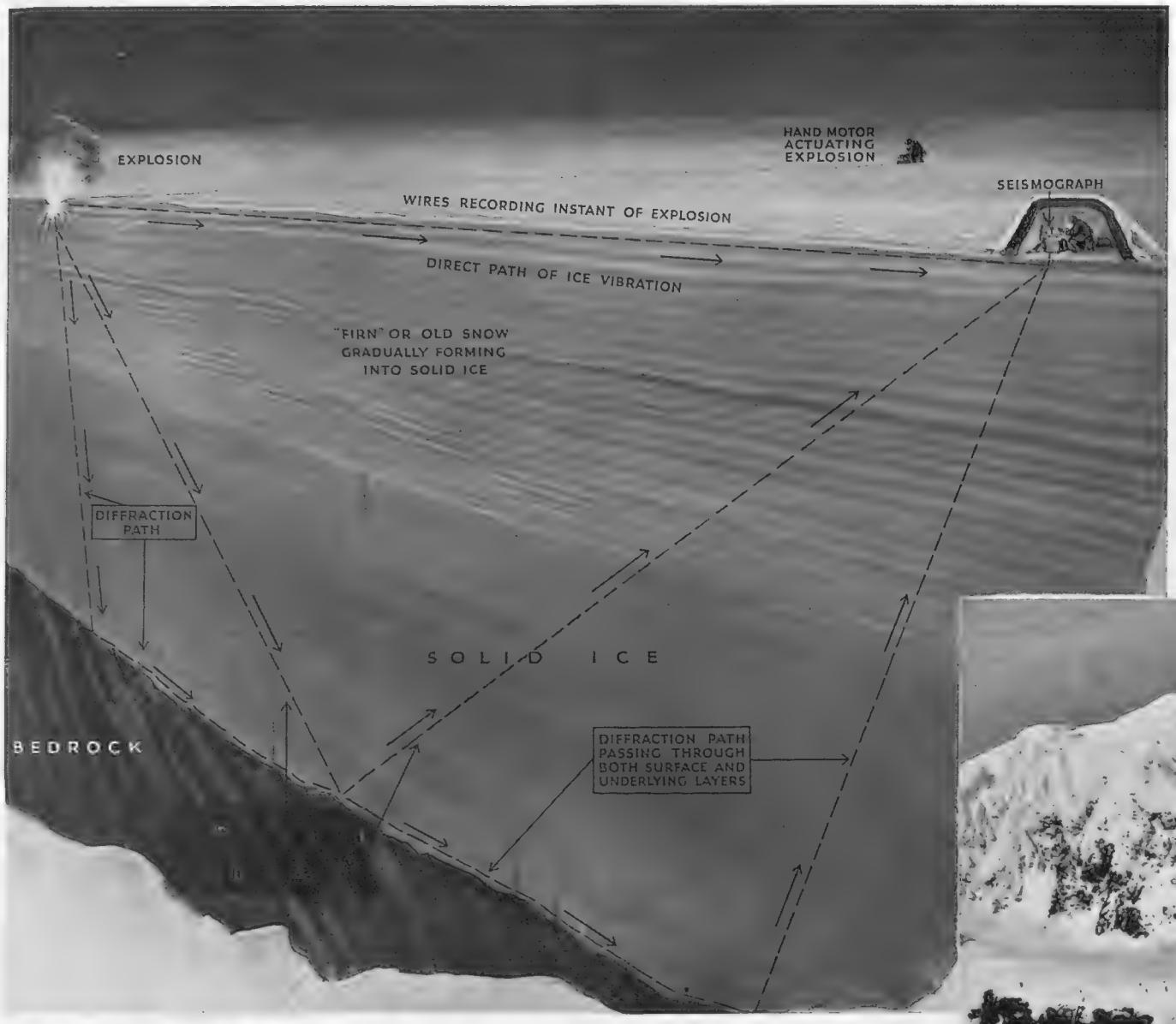
A MUCH-TRAVELLED FIGUREHEAD: This striking piece of carving has been placed in the bows of the *Bear of Oakland*—a supply ship of the 2nd Byrd Antarctic Expedition. It was formerly on the exploration ship *White Bear*

CAPTAIN INNES TAYLOR of Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Alaska, who is in complete charge of all the dogs that are now making their way to the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd

TO SPEED-UP THE EXPEDITION'S PROGRESS: The "Snowmobile", which is to be used for the transport of supplies over the ice-encrusted ground of the Antarctic. It is seen just before being loaded on to the supply ship *Jacob Ruppert*

THE EXPLORER OUTLINES HIS PROGRAMME: Admiral Byrd addressing an audience at Boston air port before the christening of one of the 'planes he is taking with him. The expedition is now on its way Southward

LOADING UP: A Kellett autogiro being taken aboard the expedition's supply ship, *Jacob Ruppert*. It is to be flown in the Antarctic by Mr. William McCormick of Philadelphia

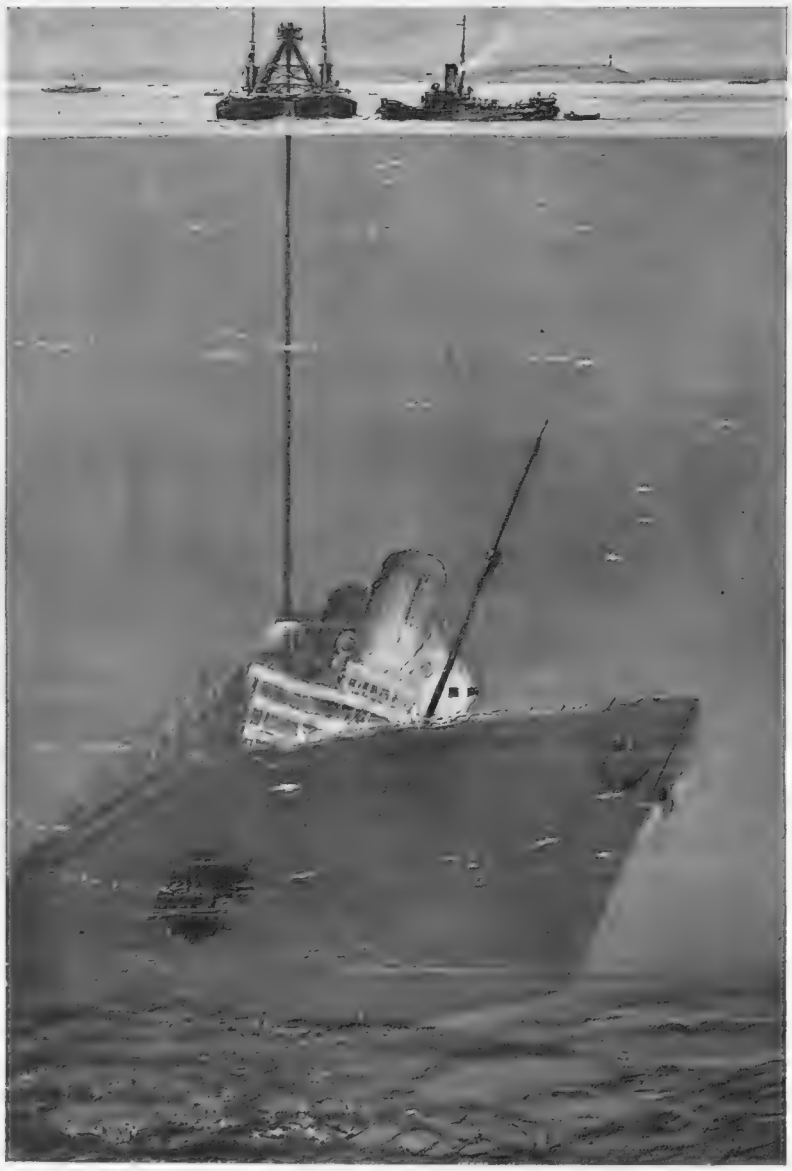


ECHO SOUNDING IN ICE

The "Lusitania" Wreck to be Investigated Next Year

The scientist is in control of the seismograph set in a little tent on the surface of the glacier or ice-cap. His companion is at a measured distance away with the explosive charge. This is fired and the moment of explosion is electrically recorded

THE PROBLEM—How to tell the depth of a great glacier?
THE SOLUTION—by echo



Drawings by D. Macpherson

THE SUBJECT OF INVESTIGATION: An artist's impression of the wrecked *Lusitania*, which salvage engineers are hoping to examine next year. It has not yet been definitely settled what method will be employed

Determining the Depth of an Ice-Cap

The departure of two Antarctic Expeditions brings ice and snow matters once more into the forefront of the world's news. We illustrate here a very interesting method of finding out the depth of a glacier. Previous to the discovery and application of this method one could only judge roughly the thickness of an ice river by its general appearance, or by the laborious process of boring. The recent expedition to Greenland, under the leadership of the late Dr. Wegener, was confronted with a specially difficult problem in ice measurement, the greater part of Greenland being covered by a huge ice sheet. It was at Eismitte that Dr. Georgi was able to put into practice the method shown in the diagram above; a method first practised by Dr. Mothes in 1926. Instead of boring a way through the ice, or layers of compressed snow, a seismograph is established at a position, and at a given distance a small amount of explosive matter is inserted in the surface of the ice. The resulting waves spread out in all directions, and first reach the seismograph along the surface of the ice. They also penetrate down to the rock on which the ice is resting, and are reflected back to the surface. The seismograph records the arrival of these reflected waves, and it is possible to calculate from the speed at which these waves are received the depth of the ice vertically. In the original experiments the results of this echo-sounding through ice were checked by actual borings which had been made previously. The results coincided completely. The greatest thickness measured on an Alpine glacier three years later was 800 metres, but at Eismitte in Greenland thicknesses of about 2,000 metres were indicated. There are certain difficulties to be overcome in this matter of ice-sounding, for in some cases the ice does not appear to be at equal consistency throughout.

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It is proposed next summer to investigate the wreck of the *Lusitania*, sunk by a German torpedo on May 7, 1915, and which now lies 46 fathoms down on the bed of the Atlantic. The means to be employed are not yet settled, but will probably be articulated diving gear, somewhat like that used by the *Artiglio* divers who recovered the *Egypt's* gold. It is possible that a tube will be used as in the projected attempt on the *Lutine*. As there is no gold or treasure to be sought in the case of the *Lusitania* the general idea is a "reconnaisance." Film pictures taken with powerful electric lamps are part of the scheme. Relics recoverable and of historic interest, such as the ship's bell, will be brought to the surface. Where the *Lusitania* lies, eight miles off Kinsale Point and about thirty from Cork, the bed of the sea is rock and sand, and the flow of the current from two to five knots. Captain H. H. Bailey, the salvage expert, will probably be directing operations.

HOW LONDON'S SHIPS ARRIVE

Checking them in at Gravesend

THE GATES OF DOCKLAND: As the great liners and cargo vessels pass up and down the Thames a constant watch for them is kept from a little bay-windowed room above the river front at Gravesend. The identity of incoming vessels is immediately established by the shipping officer and the news of their approach telephoned to the dock masters, who can duly prepare for their reception. The signal on the left is in front of the look-out room and is used for inter-service communication between Port of London representatives ashore and afloat. The lamp above sends out Morse messages at night. *Right*—A close-up view of the signalling device

WATCHING THE SHIPS GO BY: Mr. Martin, the shipping officer, and his assistant identifying a steamer from their observation-post at Gravesend

MAKING A REPORT: The shipping officer telephoning to the London Docks the names of vessels which have just passed his observation-post. If there is any difficulty about arranging for their berthing, the news is immediately conveyed to the captains concerned

The accompanying pictures illustrate an important phase of the activities of the Port of London Authority. It is easy to visualize the difficulties that might result from hundreds of vessels coming up the Thames to the docks without the dock master having due warning to prepare for their reception and berthing. The watch kept by the shipping officer at Gravesend obviates any such troubles. It is his duty to identify each vessel by means of its signals immediately it passes his observation-room on the water front, and to announce its presence to the dock concerned. If all is well the ship proceeds; but if the state of the tides, fog, or other difficulties make accommodation inconvenient, the vessel is signalled to lie up temporarily in the river. In this way congestion is avoided and, thanks to the observant eye of the officer, everything is made to run smoothly on the river

OPERATING THE INTER-SERVICE SIGNAL: Mr. Martin's assistant sending out a semaphore message to the Port of London's representative afloat

How the Army We

EQUIPPED FOR THEIR NEW LIFE: On arrival at the barracks the recruits are handed a complete outfit. They do not appear to regret the impending change-over from mufti

THE NEW RECRUIT receives clean bed-linen, soap, and brushes, and a key to his separate cubicle on the first night of his joining the Army

THE FIRST DAY: The recruit gets his pay of 3s. 3d. Of this 2s. are wages and 1s. 3d. allowance money for food

THE READING AND REST ROOM: Few other armies gi such comfortable and attractive quarters. *Inset on* REFLECTION: During his first night in the Army the r to sleep in a cubicle by himself where he can ponder, u his new life

A Pleasant Introduction to Life in the

Life in the Army appears to appeal to the youth of the nation as much all who applied were considered physically fit for service there wo recruiting problem. In fact it may be said that, excepting times of emerge a greater desire for joining up than at the present moment. This is no tendencies among Britain's youth, but rather the result of the adventurous spi the natural desire of every young man to get to know something of the worl and the modern newspaper have brought him into such close touch. The give an excellent idea of the life of a recruit during his first days in the A how the military authorities contrive to make his introduction to the Service can be few countries in the world where a soldier receives better treatmen

ELCOMES ITS RECRUITS

THE RECRUITING SERGEANT LECTURES TO HIS CHARGES on some of the mysteries of the Service

give their recruits
n *left*—TIME FOR
recruit is allowed
undisturbed, over

ne Service

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indication of bellicose
spirit abroad to-day and
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e accompanying pictures
Army, and demonstrate
e a happy one. There
nent than in England

A PLEASANT INTRODUCTION TO ARMY LIFE: A waitress serving recruits with their tea under the laurels at Scotland Yard Recruiting Office

EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES: The recruit has the opportunity of learning any language he desires; even Russian. In this picture a German lesson is seen in progress

TÊTE-À-TÊTE: A special room is set aside where the recruits can see their parents alone during their first days in the Army. *On left*—The Army authorities are great believers in sport as an aid to maintaining a clean bill of health. The granting of extended facilities in this direction has proved to have been amply justified

THE PASTON LETTERS

Some of the Once Missing Manuscripts which Provide a Remarkable Insight into the Everyday Life of the Fifteenth Century and which it is Hoped will soon be United with the Main Collection

O

The Friends of the National Libraries have the opportunity of acquiring for the nation these missing links in the Paston Letters, and are making an appeal for sufficient money to carry out their project. The Society, through the generosity of Lord Riddell, Lord Wakefield, and other benefactors, has already obtained a substantial sum for its special fund

THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK'S COUNSEL TO HIS SON: A reproduction from the original of one of the famous Paston Letters. It was written on April 30, 1450. The full text in the old spelling appears below

"My dere and only welbeloued sone, I beseche oure Lord in Heven, the Maker of alle the world, to blesse you and to sende you euer grace to loue Hym and to drede Hym; to the which, as ferre as a fader may charge his child, I bothe charge you and prei you to sette alle youre spirites and wittes to do and to knowe His holy lawes and commaundementes, by the which ye shall with His grete mercy passe alle the grete tempestes and troubles of this wrecched world. And that also wetyngly ye do no thyng for love ner drede of any erthely creature that shuld displese Hym. And there as any freelte maketh you to falle, besecheth Hys mercy soone to calle you to Hym ayen with repentaunce, satisfaccion and contricion of youre herte, never more in will to offende Hym.

"Secoundly, next hym, aboue alle erthely thyng, to be trewe liege man in hert, in wille, in thought, in dede, vnto the kyng oure alder, most high and dradde souereygne lord, to whom bothe ye and I been so moche bounde too; chargyng you, as fader can and may, rather to die than to be the contrarye, or to knowe any thyng that were ayenste the welfare or prosperite of his most riall persone, but that as ferre as youre body and lyf may strecche, ye lyve and die to defende it, and to lete his highnesse haue knowlache therof in alle the haste ye can.

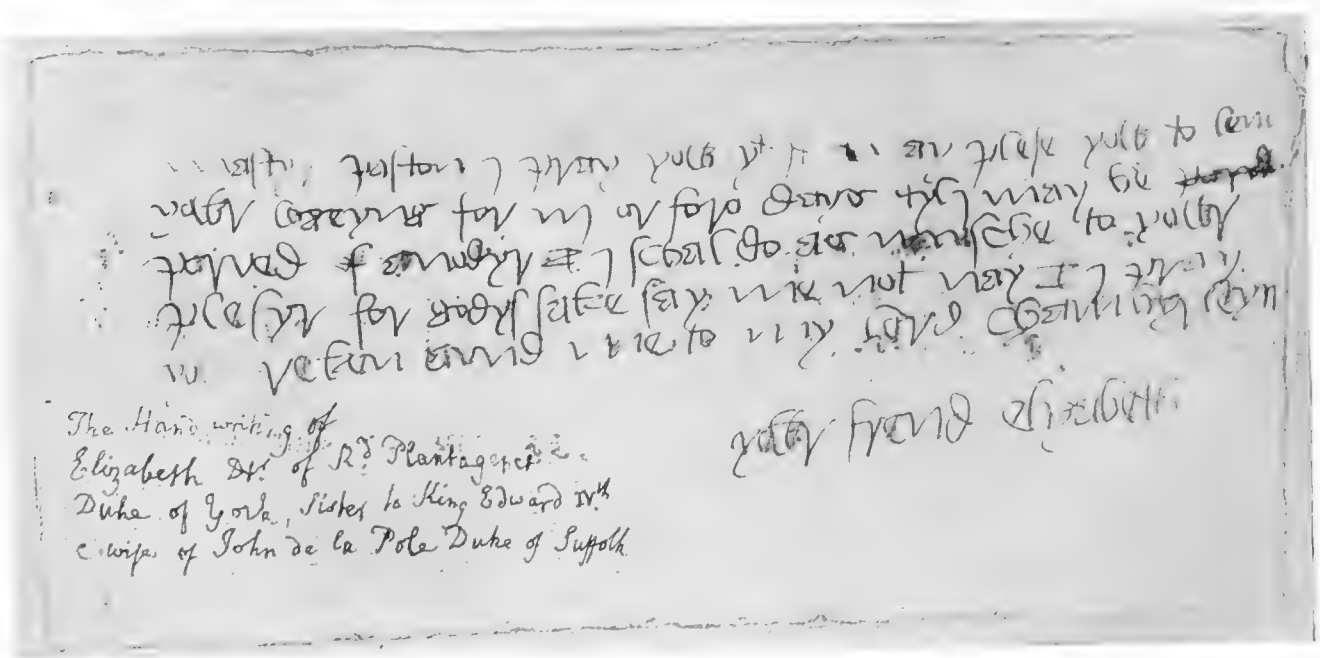
"Thridly, in the same wyse, I charge you, my dere sone, alwey, as ye be bounden by the commaundement of God to do, to love, to worshepe youre lady and moder, and also that ye obey alwey hyr commaundementes, and to beleve hyr councelles and advyses in alle youre werkes, the which dredeth not, but shal be best and trewest to you. And yef any other body wold stere you to the contrarie, to flee the councell in any wyse, for ye shall fynde it nought and evyll."

ILLUSTRATING THE PASTON LETTERS: A picture which appeared in "The Sphere" Christmas Number of 1924 and which illustrates one of the famous letters. "When the Queen was here, I borrowed my cousin Elizabeth Clere's device, for I durst not for shame go with my beads among so many fresh gentlewomen as here were at the time"

Left—

"Mastyr Paston, I pray yow that it may plese yow to leue yowr logeyng for iij or foro days tyl I may be porved of anodyr, & I schal do as musche to yowr plesyr. For Godys sake say me not nay; & I pray yow rekomaund me to my lord chambyrleyn. —Yowr frend, Elizabeth."

(The note on the left of the manuscript was written by Sir John Fenn, who published the first two volumes of the Paston Letters)



A ROYAL AUTOGRAPH

A letter written by Elizabeth Duchess of Suffolk, the sister of Edward IV, to John Paston the youngest. Circa 1483

MORE FILM THEMES FROM HISTORY

THE STORY OF A DRAMATIC CAREER: Elizabeth Bergner in the title-role of *Catherine the Great*, a new London film production which is to be shown in the West-End early in January. This will follow up the success of the same company's *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, which is packing the Leicester Square Theatre to capacity. Film-goers will remember Elizabeth Bergner for her remarkable performance in the recent German film, *Dreaming Lips*

A NEW AUSTRIAN FILM: Szöke Szakall in a scene from the new screen production *Grand Duchess Alexandra*. Maria Jeritza, the well-known soprano of the Metropolitan Opera of New York, plays the leading role, and is supported by a talented cast including Herr Leo Slezak, tenor of the Vienna Staatsoper

A CAROLIAN ADVENTURE DRAMATIZED: Allan Jeayes as Charles II in the screen drama, *Colonel Blood*, now in production at Sound City Film Studios. The King is seen with the machine with which he hoped to discover the secret of perpetual motion

BEER, GLORIOUS BEER! From

THE FOUNDATION OF GOOD BEER: A field of stooked barley. The ears go through the process of becoming malt before arriving at the great London brewery

I always wanted to know about beer long before I went over the Löwenbrau in Munich two years ago.

Now I do.

As a confirmed beer drinker who likes to precede even his hock at luncheon with a glass of light ale or lager in the German fashion, I have often puzzled over the difference between porter and stout, between mild ale, pale ale, bitter, lager, strong beer, and small beer.

The alcoholic content of hops had always eluded me. No wonder, because the strength of the beer, I now know, has nothing to do with the hops at all. And yeast. What was yeast? I never knew even the dictionary definition, much less what action it really has on beer.

Now, as Les Girls say, I know all the questions and all the answers. For three hours I have looked on the beer while it was golden, and on the stout while it was dark. Admirable smells have assailed my nostrils—rich porridgy perfumes, the tang of hops, and all the intervening odours. Men in bowler hats and white aprons have opened huge bronze cauldrons for me. Girls in green costumes with white gauntlets on their right hands have screwed down the tops on the foaming pint bottles of ale (much to my regret). Large men in thigh boots have rolled great barrels of beer down inclines. Eddies of vapour, the exact colour of a good blue fox fur, swirled up from the mash tuns. At one stage there was a bed of solid foam which heaved gently in the half light.

It was over the only brewery in the City of London that they took me—founded in 1742 by Samuel Whitbread. To-day nearly 3,000,000 pints of his descendants' brew are drunk every week—except at Christmas, Easter, Whitsun, and August Bank Holiday, when the amount is doubled. At the moment they are already taking the strain for the last ten days of December. Extra hands are being signed on. The bottles flicker more regularly than ever over the endless conveyors. The pale green dried flowers which are hops are arriving in still greater quantities. More and more sacks of malt are being ground, mashed, boiled, cooled, fermented, and racked to quench the Christmas thirst of nations.

For there are seven different processes in making beer. The first I did not see. It is the conversion of the barley into malt, and is carried out in the barley-growing districts of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Hertfordshire, and Lincolnshire. You buy it threshed by the farmer and then malt it in the malt-houses. It arrives at the brewery in sacks, after having been steeped in water, spread out on floors, and allowed to germinate before being slowly dried. Brewer's malt is not like the stuff you buy in bottles. It is just a lot of dried ears of barley. At this brewery there are ten varieties, the most notable being those which go to make pale ale, mild ale, Scotch ale, stout, porter, and bitter. All are incorporated to some extent with barley from sunny climates like Australia or California, though this year's fine weather has made the admixture smaller.

These dried ears of barley, known as malt, are then crushed between corrugated rollers—just enough to grind it to powder. At this point you become rather intrigued by the fans which withdraw the dust, and the serried ranks of magnets which catch and retain any foreign particle of metal. The malt now changes its name to grist as it slides down into the mash tuns. This is a whopping great cauldron several yards in circumference. Water from the New River heated to a temperature of about 155 deg. is poured in and swirls about to the consternation of the grist, which undergoes a sudden change. The sugar in it dissolves and becomes a thick golden liquid known as wort, while the mash stays for about two hours before the wort is allowed to drain off. The remainder is known, oddly enough, as "the goods," and ultimately becomes cattle feed.

ADDING THE HOPS TO THE WORT: The golden liquid known as wort receives an addition of hops in order to preserve the beer and give it flavour

Our friend the wort (ex grist, ex malt, *née* barley corn) is now boiled and in so doing makes its first acquaintance with the hops. It is the golden pollen in the heart of the hop which is all that really matters. Known as lupulin, it is needed for its flavour of bitterness and its preservative qualities. Without it, beer would taste dull, but it would be just as strong. So the next time someone complains to you that his beer is weak because he does not see a glimpse of a hop at the bottom of his barrel or tankard, you can tell him that he knows nothing of what he is talking about. Hops have no alcohol in them, nor do they create any. In a good brewery about two pounds of them are allotted to each barrel of thirty-six gallons. Wort and hops are all boiled together, the wort extracting the goodness from the hops.

The next stage of the wort is to flow into the hop-back, which looks like a large swimming pool with copper sides and copper pipes in the middle. This is the end of the hop.

The wort is next strained through perforated plates, and has only one more stage before fermentation. This is the cooling process in refrigerators made partially of gun-metal and copper. There are eight fermenting rooms, one of them being 54 yards long and 21 yards wide. This is where the yeast joins the party. Do you know what yeast is and what it does? It is a self-productive living organism which feeds on the sugar of the wort, and by its breaking-down action turns the wort into alcohol, thus releasing carbonic acid gas.

During this process the yeast multiplies four times. Ultimately the yeast is scooped off the surface with a long-handled instrument, dried and pressed, and used again. Meantime the wort, which now at last can call itself beer, is run off into casks, a process known as racking. These casks are made of the best oak, and are thumped, scrubbed, inspected by naked flares, and even smelt each time they are used again.

THE FROTH UPON THE one point dissolves which is seen

But how soon can you drink beer and how long does it stay drinkable? Well, it all depends on the beer. If it is mild ale, which quenches the bulk of the working men's thirst at 5d. a pint, it is quickly drunk. Brewed on Mondays, it is put in casks on Fridays, sent out on Saturdays, and swallowed on the Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays following—ten days or less from start to finish.

If it is pale ale, it is kept for a month or six weeks in aluminium tanks in the cellars, where it has a minor secondary fermentation. From there, if it is not to be draught beer, it is taken in 40-barrel tanks to the bottling department, where it is chilled to 32 deg., kept a week, and then filtered and bottled. Pale ale in bottle will last six months. If it is on draught the brewers prefer it to be drunk within a fortnight.

BOTTLING THE FINISHED PRODUCT: Here we see filled half-pint bottles travelling along a continuous band and receiving their crown corks

While ale is beer, lager is not ale. A different kind of yeast is used for lager and, instead of being thrown off on the top during fermentation, the yeast drops to the bottom. Lager takes three weeks to ferment instead of the week allotted to ale. What surprised me more than anything else at the brewery was that lager is not only as alcoholic as pale ale, it is even more so. So people who drink it at luncheon because they think it weaker are quite mistaken. The explanation for the fallacy is that most people drink lager cold, and you can always drink more of any alcohol—from cocktails to champagne—if it is iced or thereabouts. For which reason public-houses which are thinking of serving their draught beer cooler than heretofore are very popular with brewers.

One of the things you quickly learn at a brewery is that there is no such thing as water. It is always called "liquor," with a fine of half-a-crown for any member of the staff who forgets. You also discover that those speckless black rubber-ringed tops on the pint bottles are made of—compressed coal dust!

Barley Field to Tankard

A Visit to a Famous London Brewery

By CHARLES GRAVES

EXAMINING THE CASKS BEFORE FILLING: Every cask is meticulously tested before being passed for use

That porter is a mild form of stout and is less popular than it used to be; that export beers have more hop in them because of the need of preservation in foreign countries; that the difference between stoutand ale is caused by some of the ears of barley used for stout being roasted like coffee; and that all-the-year-round brewing only began in the 'sixties, are other items you glean. Until then the warm weather and lack of anything approaching refrigeration caused brewing to cease during the summer months.

To-day there are about thirty leading breweries with a few hundred of small fry. In 1881 there were no fewer than 16,798. During the past thirty-two years the number of liquid barrels of beer produced in England and Wales has shrunk from 32,000,000 to 19,000,000, and if the extra tax had not been taken off it would have shrunk still further. At last, however, stringent rules have been drawn up to prevent near-beer being described as the real stuff. "Brewed from hops," "hop brew," "barley brew," "brewed from malt and hops" are examples of wording which are not permissible any more. That is something for which to be thankful.

WORT: In the process of making beer the sugar at and results in a thick golden liquid the froth upon being tested by the mash tun foreman

Beer has never been better than it is to-day, which is why it has once again become a "class" drink. True, the popular taste is for an ale which is about 1 per cent. less in alcoholic content than before. But for purity, freshness, quality, and flavour, it is better than ever. The complete absence (at least in the big breweries) of all aerial contamination combines with the almost excessive filtration, the choice of the finest hops, the purest water, the highest grade yeast, and the best barley in providing a star-brilliant drink which would have enchanted beer drinkers even in the good old days when the official beer tester sat in a puddle of beer—to see whether it was sticky enough to glue his leather breeches to the chair by the time he had finished his official pint. Goody, this has made me thirsty!

It was, as I say, in 1742 that the original Samuel Whitbread founded his brewery. Thirty years later George III and Queen Charlotte paid him a State visit and a pleasant contemporary account of it is still extant. Here is an extract:

"This event took place on Saturday. The time appointed for the visit in Chiswell Street was ten in the morning. Curiosity and courtesy outran the clock. Their Majesties were there a quarter before ten. With them were three Princesses. The Duke of Montagu, Lord Aylesbury, Lord Denbigh, Duchess of Ancaster, and Lady Harcourt. They were received at the door by Mr. Whitbread and Miss Whitbread; and politely declining the breakfast that was provided, immediately went over the works.

"It was the occupation of two hours. The steam engine, lately erected by the Birmingham Bolton, and first applied by Mr. Whitbread to the purposes of the Brewery, took up above half-an-hour. In which it was apparent, this was not the first half-hour thus usefully employed on economick arts.

His Majesty, with becoming science, explained to the Queen and the Princesses the leading movements in the machinery. In the great store there were three thousand and seven barrels of beer.

"The stone cistern raised such wonder that the Queen and Princesses would go into it, though through a small hole, with much difficulty and some disorder. The sight rewarded them; for the vessel is of such magnitude as to hold 4,000 barrels of beer. The great vessel at Heidelberg is nothing to it. The cooperage was looked at from an adjoining room, and it was at this window, looking into the street, that the people without, who by this time had gathered into a great crowd, first seeing the King, gave breath to their loyalty, and repeatedly huzzaed. The Queen, whose worth, were it her sensibility alone, would be beyond our praise, paid the people with a tear!

SKIMMING THE YEAST FROM THE WORT: The living organism known as yeast feeds on the sugar of the wort and turns it into alcohol

"When everything was seen, the walk ended in the house. Their Majesties were led to a cold collation, as magnificent as affluence and arrangement could make it. The whole service was plate. There was every wine in the world. And there was also that, without which the board had been incomplete, some Porter, poured from a bottle that was very large, but, as may be thought, with better singularities than the mere size to recommend it. As there was no want of anything else, there was no want of appetite. This being done, it became two o'clock; when the King and Queen, not more than completely satisfied with the wonder of the works, than the good sense and elegance with which they had been shown, took leave of Mr. Whitbread and his daughter, and returned to Buckingham Palace.

"Thus ended these events—which had been agitating for several months past. The events may seem little in themselves, but they are far from little in their application; for they apply to what philosophically gratified the Prince of a trading people; and as properly illustrated, one of our prime men in trade. They show the reverence due to the sure dignity of private worth—equally conspicuous for duties well done, and comforts well enjoyed."

To-day the brewery pays the Government over £1,000,000 a year one way and another, and the 146-year-old tribute to the founder of the firm is as fresh and deserved as ever.

DRINKING A TANKARD OF WHITBREAD'S MILD ALE: The working man's fivepenny favourite may be brewed on a Monday, sent out on Saturday, and imbibed any time during the next week

THE KING OF CLOWNS ENTERTAINS BERLIN: Two studies of the inimitable Grock, who has been appearing in the programme at the Circus Busch

THE MAN AND HIS MAKE-UP: *Left*—A picture of Grock taken while watching from the audience before the beginning of his act, and *(right)* in his grotesque make-up

WHILE WAITING TO REHEARSE Grock entertains a party of Reichswehr soldiers

CLOWNING AT THE PIANO

A striking record in pictures of Grock in action at the Circus Busch, Berlin

PLAYS and PLAYERS

Another Brontë Play—Consistently Interesting Dialogue with a Touch of Humour : "Night Club Queen" at the Playhouse—Mr. Anthony Kimmins Improves on his Last Effort : "Up in the Air"—a Farce that is not quite Funny Enough : Grock—the Clown who Never Crosses the Channel

By PHILIP PAGE

No fewer than seventeen Brontë plays have been written, of which four have been produced in London. I have just seen, at the Embassy Theatre, the fourth — *The Brontës of Haworth Parsonage.*

The latter part of the title seems strangely unnecessary in view of the prodigious amount of knowledge about this family the theatre-going public has been of late compelled to absorb. We have been stuffed with Brontology like turkeys in preparation for Christmas-time. Surely there is no one at this stage who thinks that the Brontës could have come from any other parsonage than Haworth, a dreary village which, as far as the theatre is concerned, appears to have been as expressly created for Brontës as was Wimpole Street for Barretts.

Possibly Mr. John Davison, the author of this play, rubs in Haworth because his characters are never permitted to leave it. This course has two points of advantage—such action as the play possesses (and no Brontë play can have much) is concentrated; and there is a saving of expense, for a rather dreadful drawing-room can, and does, serve for each scene of each of the three acts.

Long before Brontë plays have run into treble figures I can foresee the possibility of yet another economy. Why not "can" the sisters? Mr. Norman O'Neill has just composed some incidental music for *Aeropolis;* this had been made into gramophone records when the rehearsals were barely in full swing, and could be used either in *Aeropolis* or in any play that follows it. So why trouble to write fresh parts for each Charlotte, Emily, and Anne? Let these characters be standardized and let what they have to say be contained in gramophone records, to be turned on when necessary at all the groups of theatres where the Brontës hold the stage.

That enthusiastic expert on the Brontës, the late Mr. Clement Shorter, who has now gone to another sphere, was wont to discuss the family with all the learning and great charm at his disposal; he would, I venture to think, have considered this suggestion both businesslike and a tribute to Brontë popularity rather than as near-sacrilege.

This leaves me very little to say about the play. But there is not much left now for anyone to say about Brontë plays. These must, if regard is paid to historical fact, all be built according to the same plan.

Mr. Davison's version stands high up on the list; it is well-written (except for a few anachronisms), unpretentious, and consistently interesting. It is also slightly funnier than most, thanks to lightish cross-talk between the family servant, played by Miss Nellie Bowman, and a comic aunt. But humour is a difficult task here, and "Crazy Month" will take a long time in getting from the Palladium to Haworth.

Miss Catherine Lacey gave Charlotte what 1933 knows as sex-appeal, and I am wondering whether Charlotte really possessed it, except in the adoring mind of the Rev. Mr. Nicholls. However, Miss Lacey is built that way, and is an uncommonly fine actress in addition. Miss Barbara Couper was grumpy and bad-tempered and very withering and wuthering as Emily (the official picture), and Miss Miriam Adams was poorly served as Anne. Perhaps in, say, the 112th Brontë play, a decent part will be written for poor Anne. At present she is as mysterious as the other side of the moon.

"Night Club Queen."—When, a week or two ago, I ventured on some remarks about the gloom of carnivals as depicted on the stage, I did not include night club scenes. That was a pity, since, if one may judge from one-third of Mr. Anthony Kimmins's *Night Club Queen* at the Playhouse, they prove the point beyond any doubt.

This is rather a tedious piece throughout. But the author need not be cast down, except by the fact that it is unlikely that he will make one five-hundredth part of the money his *While Parents Sleep* brought him. It has not damaged his reputation. On the contrary, it has started one for him. The farce that was his first attempt hardly showed him to be a dramatist at all. With beginner's luck he hit the financial bull's-eye; but it was, and is (for the phenomenal run continues), merely a piece of slap-dash buffoonery, carried out with naval high spirits and helped on its way by a few unprintable words at which the audience feel safe in not being shocked, since, "After all, you know, naval officers are such nice clean boys and it's only their harmless fun."

Night Club Queen is a much more considerable piece of work. It is far from being itself a good play. But it shows that Mr. Kimmins has it in him to write one. It has a sense of style, construction which is only at fault in Act II, the night club act which is, frankly, dreadful, and it contains real characters. The dialogue does not exactly sparkle with wit; but it has some good points and does not include the sort of remarks rude little boys write on walls in chalk.

In the last act, the best of the three, the author straightens out the tangles cleverly and the movement is more swift. But it came too late and the harm was done.

The audience are left too long in doubt as to whether this is a sentimental comedy or a farce. Nor does the fact that it is, intentionally or not, a representation of the activities of a recently-deceased "big-noise" in the night club world make for gaiety.

For the heroine is a woman with a journalistic and therefore non-wealthy husband, and a son who is attempting to lead the Louis Roederer life on an R. White and Co. income. So, unknown to either, she runs a restaurant and tells her family that the money accruing from it is an allowance from a mythical aunt. All goes well until the son goes up in society and the profits of the restaurant go down at the same time; the former, all silk socks, Le Touquet, and head-waiters, demanding a big cheque. This his mother gives him, and listens to the wiles of a City shark who induces her to turn her restaurant into a night club, sell drink in the small hours, and scoop large profits.

The inevitable raid occurs. Mrs. ——, well, here she is called Smith, does not go to prison but is fined, the fine not worrying her because her son had become engaged to a rich man's daughter, a blonde who sang songs (composed by Mr. Kimmins) in the night club for the fun of the thing.

# of TO-DAY

Night Club Queen would be vastly improved if the club itself could be taken as raided and, for that matter, taken as red. The scene is realistically produced, which made it worse. I did not want to see stage guests in stages of stage drunkenness, the silly "turns," the signing of the book, the tedious police-inspectors, and the rest of the cabaret caboodle. All this held things up and showed us nothing new.

Miss Betty Frankiss, with revue experience, threw herself into three songs, but spoke her lines in the subsequent comedy scenes just as girls do—and, I fear, always will—speak lines in revue sketches. Why that admirable actor, Mr. O. B. Clarence, who can walk as well as I can (indeed far better), should have had to trundle himself about in a wheeled chair I know not.

Miss Edith Sharpe gave a splendidly human and direct picture of Mrs. Smith, and Mr. S. J. Warmington and Mr. Aubrey Mather put in good work as, respectively, her good and evil genius.

"Up in the Air."—The Royalty has followed months of Brontës with *Up in the Air*, which is a farce right enough—no doubt about that—but not quite funny enough. And therefore not quite right.

Bewildering complications set in because a husband had asked his wife to hire a private aeroplane to join him in France, and because the wife and the good-looking pilot have a forced landing and spend the night in the same hotel as the husband, who is there under an assumed name. In order to make things, quite unnecessarily, more difficult, the airman and his pretty passenger pretend to be a honeymoon couple.

No one does anything wicked. But no one does anything particularly amusing, except Mr. Basil Radford, who is an admirable comedian of the easy, very English, and monocled type. Otherwise, acting honours fell to Miss Doris Hilditch, whose opportunities were small.

I should not omit to praise the perfect portrayal of a Frenchman by Mr. Le Strange. That broken English was the real thing. And if Mr. Le Strange is a real Frenchman, I can still commend him for being a real actor.

"Please."—*Please* does please. There is no doubt of that. It would please but little without Miss Beatrice Lillie; but since Mr. Charlot has arranged for this quaintly subtle artist to carry the baby, as it were, in his new revue at the Savoy Theatre, all is likely to be well.

Miss Lillie's genius in bringing the show to a happy success is the more apparent in that she has precious few allies. Mr. Lupino Lane is a nimble comedian who can fall funnily. Mr. Frank Lawton is an engaging young man, a little on the timid side—whether the timidity was assumed as part of a stage personality I do not pretend to know, but in revue the singing and dancing in the male-romance department should be rather more definite.

From the ladies in the company, except the members of a comely and even buxom chorus, Miss Lillie had little or no help.

But she herself has a magical touch which can turn a poor sketch into a good one, and make irresistible humour out of almost nothing at all. Her command, "Out," to undesirable visitors to the saloon bar over which, in one scene, she presides, deserves to become a classic example of what one can do with a monosyllable. And her burlesque songs are inimitable.

I think room might have been found for a little "straight" singing; Miss Lillie does not, of course, pretend to have a voice and puts, thank goodness, what she has to comic uses. But even so she sang better than anyone in the company.

Still, a bright entertainment.

Grock.—The pictures on the opposite page of Grock, the world's greatest clown-comedian, serve as a pleasant reminder for those who rejoiced in him in the days he appeared in England. They also emphasize the regret that he no longer appears here, and probably, never will again. Rumours constantly crop up that all disputes have been settled and that Grock will once more be with us. Yet Grock never crosses the Channel. One has to go abroad to see him—I saw him in Bordeaux last year, in a circus, his first love. But even on the Continent his appearances are growing more and more rare. That is not because he is an old man, but because he is a rich one. He is also a Doctor of Philosophy.

Dr. Grock, will ye no come back again?

REVIVING A POPULAR SUCCESS: Noel Coward rehearsing some of the cast who are taking part in the revival of his brilliant comedy, *Hay Fever*, which C. B. Cochran presented at the Shaftesbury last week. Left to right—Joyce Barbour, Helen Spencer, Ann Trevor, and Gladys Henson

THE ALHAMBRA REMAINS OPEN TO RECEIVE A SWISS COTTAGE SUCCESS: A scene from *The Tudor Wench* which began its West-End run last week. Catherine Parr (Mollie Hartley Milburn) finds Sir Thomas Seymour (John Laurie) kissing Princess Elizabeth (Beatrix Lehmann)

A REVIVAL AT THE WESTMINSTER: A scene from *The Lady from Alfaqueque*—a comedy from the Spanish by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker. Left to right—David Horne as Don Pascual, Beatrice Radley as Rosita, and Olwen Brooks as Alberta

BOOKS: By CECIL ROBERTS

The Quennells Make History Live : Mr. Guedalla Sums Up the Relations Between Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone : Mr. Owen Rutter's Book for Winter Stay-at-Homes

The issue of a third volume of **A History of Everyday Things in England (1733-1851)** by **Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell (Batsford. 8s. 6d.)** has led me, all too late, to the discovery of a series of books that rank among the most interesting I have ever read. As with so many books that have been written originally for children, it is the parents who have been fascinated by these books that tell so simply, but with such richness of allusion, the story of everyday life among the people of England through 800 years of our history. Mr. Quennell also happens to be a most delightful draughtsman, and his pencil is most happily employed in depicting the things of which he and his partner write so entrancingly. This third volume covers the rise of industrialism. There is no aspect of the change that came over this country omitted, and the habits, food, clothes, transport, sanitation, machinery, etc., are all set forth.

How nice it would be, we have all said to ourselves, to sit for a few hours in the company of somebody who not only knew everything, but could give the answers with simplicity and briefness! The delight we get from intelligent company springs from an approach in this direction of omniscience. I find the Quennells are companions of this nature. They can tell you all about the use of the dogspit, the chimney crane, and the rushlight holder of the eighteenth-century kitchen.

They turn to the farm and the ingenious Mr. Tull, who seems to have done as much for our civilization and prosperity as any Englishman ever born, and yet lacks a single statue to his memory. For it was Mr. Jethro Tull, born in 1674, who happily deserted the Law and began to invent implements for the farmer. He invented the four-coultered plough, thus at a step jumping from the laborious breast-plough, or the slow swing-plough, to something that performed three functions at once. His most startling invention was the seed-drill. For centuries farmers had extravagantly broadcast their seed over the land, or had followed the slow and painful process of dipping, that is, making a hole with an instrument and then dropping seed into it. He looked at the church organ, and transferred the principle of the organ's pallet to the seed-drill. By taking the parts of an organ, a wheel-barrow, and a cider mill, he produced a drill that revolutionized farming.

As an instance of the vast change these inventions brought, Thomas Coke of Holkham raised the income of his estate from £2,200 in 1776, to £20,000 in 1816. The Quennells, so well informed on so many matters, make a slip regarding Coke of Norfolk. "Thomas Coke, who became the Earl of Leicester, died leaving no children, so that the estate on his death passed to his grand-nephew, the great Coke of Norfolk." This is altogether wrong. Thomas Coke did not become Earl of Leicester. He was the last Earl. He had several children but his heir pre-deceased him. He left only an heiress, his daughter Ann, who married Captain Philip Roberts. Their son, Wenman Roberts, assumed the name of Coke, and it was his son who became the famous Coke of Norfolk, and who was made the first Earl of the second creation, continued to this day.

Side by side with inventions for the land went the inventions of machinery, the spinning jenny, the power loom, the paddle steamer, and the train. There were minor felicities, not one of which seems to escape the authors. They have even an engrossing section on the growth of plumbing and the growth of the water-closet from the days of Sir John Harington's first experiments, which interested Queen Elizabeth, who thought him a little mad.

That grand old fellow, Cobbett, naturally comes into this survey. What a magnificent fighter he was, how full of sense and goodwill, of deep love of the land of his birth! How indignant he grew at the passing of beer as the beverage in the English household, and how soundly he trounced the tea drinkers! He saw ruin creeping over the land, and the beginning of that long folly by which our purblind statesmen have succeeded in ruining the true basis of this country's wealth and brought upon us all the attendant evils. The failure of agriculture, the repressive legislation, began to drive out of the country its finest workers and craftsmen. The squire, so much abused, and yet more the father of his people than ever any politician has succeeded in being, was driven from his farming. A horde of ignorant industrial magnates began to gobble up his estates.

The whole sad story is here in this book. It is interesting to note that the bogey of Napoleon resulted in as many men being under arms, proportionately, as in 1914. In 1832 the miners were much better off than the agricultural labourers. The towns were suppressing the countryside as the basis of livelihood. The early nineteenth century was an age of bad taste. Pugin's monstrous Gothic architecture came into fashion, Wyatt built his sham abbey for Beckford at Fonthill. Cobbett raged at the Brighton Pavilion, which he denounced as a bulbous, sham Kremlin. It housed extravagance while farm labourers were being hanged for rick-firing in the Chilterns. The slum was now coming to England as it had never been known before, and the pleasant tradition of Regency architecture was being forgotten. Happily the Gothic school did not have it all its own way. There was John Nash who gave us Regent Street, which our modern vandals pulled down. They are now being well punished by inability to pay the rents of these new stone mausoleums of business.

"But is not our Nash, too, a very great master:
He finds us all brick and he leaves us all plaster?"

ran the current gibe, to which I would add—

"Now it's all Portland stone
And a wretched disaster."

CO-AUTHORS OF A THIRD VOLUME OF "A HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND": Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell whose work on the habits and customs of the English people has won them a well-deserved reputation in the field of historical research

In one respect we have improved. The open house fire is disappearing from London, and the gas and electric fire are depriving us of the ancient heritage of soot. A square mile of London air used to contain six tons of soot, and killed people by thousands. The history of the fireplace and of cooking reveals a rapid march of civilization. Those much-admired Elizabethan fireplaces are in reality monstrosities of inconvenience and extravagance. I possess a cottage with two of them. The wide flues created an enormous draught, and the much-admired inglenook in these fireplaces was necessary because the rest of the room outside the chimneyplace was draughty and cold. Cooking with these fires, entailing the wasteful spit, was a clumsy, smelly job, and the cottagers lived in an atmosphere of smoke through all the winter. It is extraordinary that only in the last fifty years have we learned how to build a sensible fireplace.

This excellent book makes a record of much that is passing from us. There is a chapter on the waggons used by farmers. These were native made, and often beautifully decorated. They now all come from a factory and have lost their beautiful lines. The craftsman who made the sedan chair and the farm waggon has vanished, and now the blacksmith, who made so many lovely implements of domestic use, as well as shoed horses, is vanishing too. I spend many happy hours sitting in an old cottage and talking to a retired blacksmith, age eighty-five. Sometimes I surprise him as he stands reflectively in his old smithy, now silent and covered in cobwebs. There is a pair of lovely gates in the village fashioned by his hands. There are no hands in the village that will fashion anything when he is gone. The Chilton chairmakers, who set up their lathes in the woods, are getting rarer and rarer. The factories for making furniture at High Wycombe are getting longer and longer. Thus the machine stamps out the individual craftsman. The grandson of the chairmaker rushes to the cinema on a motor cycle, with a noise around and a smell behind.

Mr. and Mrs. Quennell's entrancing book provokes a hundred aspects of change. It also draws out of the past many explanations of common habits, customs, and peculiarities of the English people. I cannot imagine the person who, picking up this book, can permit any intrusion until he has reached the last page. They have made everyday life a museum in which a thousand precious articles are suddenly brought to our negligent eyes. Here is the perfect Christmas gift for anybody.

Mr. **Philip Guedalla's** second volume, **The Queen and Mr. Gladstone, 1880–1898 (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.)**, is introduced again by an excellent essay summarizing the relations between the Queen and her Prime Minister. The stock of Gladstone rises high and the stock of the Queen and the sycophantic Disraeli falls low. It is not a matter of Mr. Guedalla's, or anybody's, political bias. Here, revealed in the fractious, ungenerous, and often meddlesome conduct of Queen Victoria, we find the truth, letter by letter. One cannot read without marvelling at Gladstone's infinite patience, his goodwill, and the singular strength by which he smothered resentment and a deep sense of injury. She let him pass out of sixty years of public life with scarcely a "Thank you," and the facts of these letters compel one to admit that not only was she a great Queen but also a great nuisance. She did not hesitate to drag her old statesman up to Balmoral, but when State business required her to be nearer the capital she expressed annoyance.

"The Queen is a lady nearer seventy than sixty whose health and strength have been most severely taxed during the forty-eight years of her arduous reign, and she is quite unable to rush about as a younger person and man could do . . . it is extremely inconvenient and unpleasant from the noise and great crowds during Ascot Week for her to be there." Once, when Gladstone asked to be excused attendance owing to insomnia, she replied, tartly, "The Queen will not of course interfere with your sea breeze at Brighton. But hopes you and Mrs. Gladstone will dine and sleep here on Thursday." It must be said that she never missed a move in the game, or slept at her post, however shut off from the world. She would have been easier to deal with had she been less indefatigable. We learn here how for a second time Sir William Watson was passed over in the matter of the Poet Laureateship. He seems to have fared no better at the hands of Gladstone than at those of Asquith.

In his travel book of the West Indies, **If Crab No Walk (Hutchinson. 18s.)**, I do not think **Mr. Owen Rutter** quite does justice to Havana. But then he had an incivil host, and Havana is a place that can be terribly American with trams, bars, and super-hotels. I found nothing but these during my first five hours there, and then discovered the real old Havana, and an enchanting place it was. But Mr. Rutter is a cheerful traveller and this is just the book for winter stay-at-homes who want a sunshine feeling.

I cannot feel any enthusiasm for Poland. Dirt, snow, cold, and interminable flat lands are the impressions I carried away. But there is a Poland of old castles, romantic cities, and a vivid peasant life for those who can brave discomfort in searching it out. **Miss Violet Mason** touched all classes, and did not mind discomfort. The result is **The Land of the Rainbow (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.)**, a book that really does reveal Poland in all its aspects. The Poles are a volatile, courageous race, and we are apt to forget that Bonnie Prince Charlie was half a Pole, for Sobieski's granddaughter married the Old Pretender. There are still wild boar in Poland, and they have now taken to charging and stopping motor cars. There are also Girl Guides, and they are so keen that they meet at five a.m. on Sundays because it is the only hour when the poor things are free. The book is most beautifully illustrated, and Miss Mason supplies at the close a vivid, concise history of this land of many troubles and great spirit.

There was something Polish in the élan of Lafayette whose biography has been freshly and satisfyingly done by **Count Michael de la Bedoyere. Lafayette (Cape. 15s.)**. We in England do not quite know the magic of this name in an American ear. But his adventure in the United States was at the cost of this country, and the cry of Liberty also covered the Frenchman's hatred of England. There was much more in his life than the American phase. He was in turn the adored hero and the exile. He commanded the National Guards, and lived to be an old man with a passion for kissing everybody. Count Bedoyere gives us a vivid, stormy figure set against the background of France in the throes of Republicanism.

On page 338 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

THE CONVENT OF ST. EUPHEMIA

A pleasing dry-point of the Convent at Antequera, Southern Spain. The little town contains many relics of the Roman and Moorish occupations

A STREET IN GUADALUPE, a picturesque town in Central Spain

ETCHINGS of OLD SPAIN

Three Examples of the Dry-points of Lionel Lindsay

(By courtesy of P. and D. Colnaghi, publishers of Mr. Lindsay's etchings)

Lionel Lindsay was born on October 18, 1874, at Creswick, a small mining township eleven miles from Ballarat. Thanks to the tuition of his mother he became a competent draughtsman and, as early as 1895, although handicapped by inadequate materials, he produced his first etchings. It was after a visit to London in 1902 that he began this work in earnest and, in spite of his newspaper and other interests, his enthusiasm for it has never waned. Mr. Lindsay has always taken an outstanding interest in Spain, and his etchings of old-world scenes in that country prove him a real master of line and light and shade. He is making another tour there this winter, and his admirers are fully expecting that his visit will be as productive as that of a few years ago. A successful exhibition of Mr. Lindsay's work has recently been held by Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, at 144, New Bond Street, W. 1

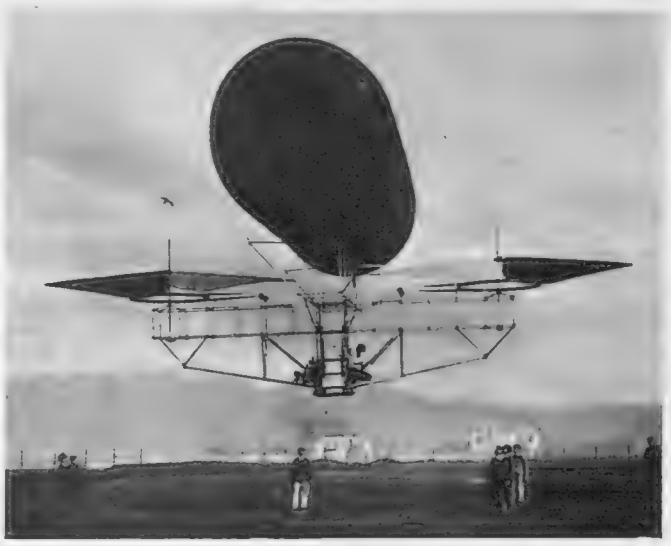
Right—THE TOWN GATE AT BURGOS, the historic city of Old Castile

HELICOPTERING in the AIR

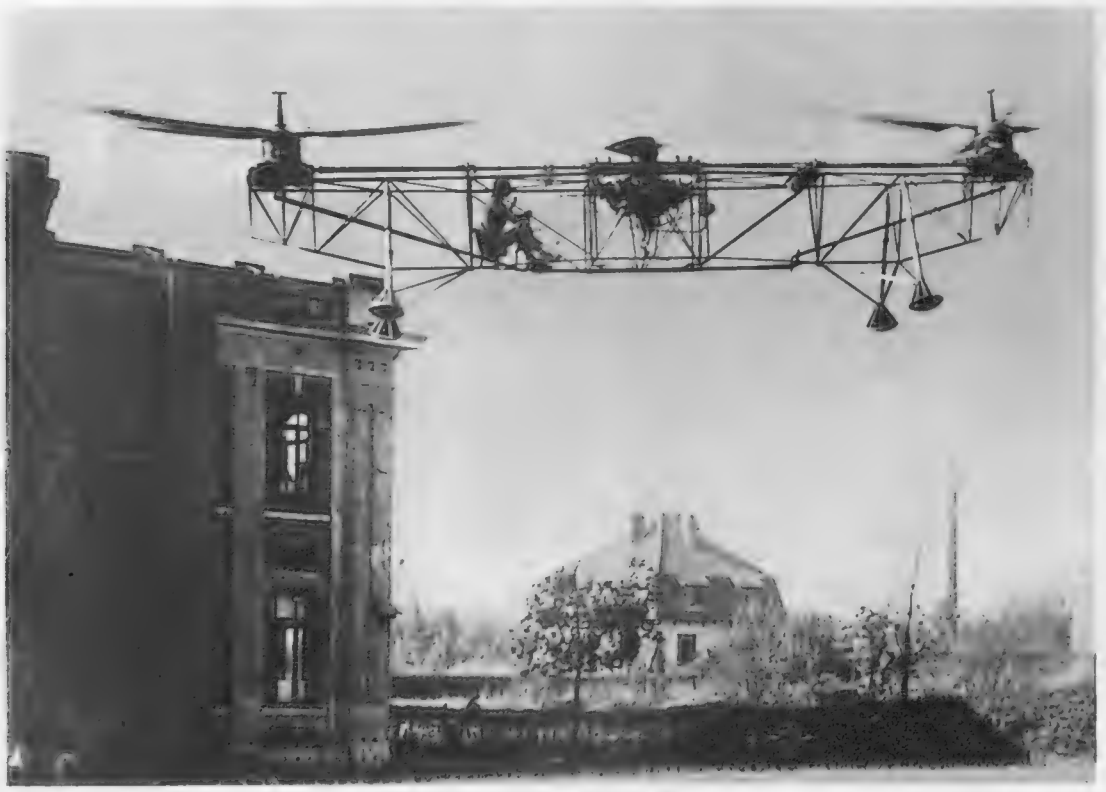
An Early Child of Man's Aeronautical Fancy that is Still in the Experimental Stages of Development

FURTHER REFINEMENTS TO THE WINGLESS AUTOGIRO: Señor de la Cierva demonstrating his new and improved model at Hanworth Aerodrome. It is a two-seater with a 140-h.p. engine and has achieved a speed of 140 m.p.h. The autogiro is seen here being lowered to the ground

STREAMLINING THE AUTOGIRO: A close-up view showing the new fairing covering the rotor hub and the direct control stick curving into the cockpit



A HELICOPTER OF TEN YEARS AGO: M. Oehmichen making the record-breaking attempt, in which he rose vertically from the ground and remained stationary for 2 min. 37 sec. He helped to support his machine with a balloon



A HELICOPTER RECORD BREAKER: M. Nicholas Florine flying the machine of his own design with which he recently created a world's record by remaining stationary in the air for 9 min. 58 sec. This somewhat unorthodox craft has a rotating airscrew at each end and is equipped in the centre with a 200-h.p. motor

Mirabile dictu. Italy has just been robbed of a record, though to be sure it is only in the sphere of helicopter flights. On the 8th of this month, Nicholas Florine, the naturalized Belgian, left the ground in the weird machine pictured here, making a *vertical ascent* and remaining in the air for actually 9 min. 58 sec. At first sight the machine appears to be a resuscitation of the earliest experimental types of the last century, undecided as to whether it is coming or going. Wheels it has none, for it does not need them either for landing or for taking off, and in this sense the machine is an advance upon the autogiro in that it does not even need a run. Its ascent and descent are completely vertical. And even the latest autogiro needs a run of 12 yards to bring it well off the ground, so that as a basis of construction for the back-garden private 'plane this helicopter would seem to carry us one step farther.

The concrete fact about it, however, is its vertical ascent, which is an important achievement. *If* future experiments can produce a passenger-carrying craft of this type it is quite likely that its use may become general among private owners; but not in commercial aviation, for it is most unlikely that the increasing speeds and capacities of modern commercial aeroplanes could be equalled by the application of the helicopter principle in the design of multi-passenger craft. And speed and capacity are the two main commercial factors. It is to be hoped that this will be realized by the authorities from the chief municipalities who will shortly attend a conference in the Guildhall, at the invitation of the London Chamber of Commerce, to discuss questions affecting the organization and maintenance of municipal aerodromes. Let them not imagine that, because a helicopter has made a vertical ascent and remained in the air for ten minutes, the day of aerodromes is done and that runways and extensive landing facilities will not be needed two or three generations hence.

It is an extraordinary thing that the earliest child of man's aeronautical fancy—the helicopter—should be so tardy in growth. Roger Bacon first flirted with the idea of human flight in the thirteenth century, and Leonardo da Vinci was the first to construct a helicopter on scientific principles at the end of the fifteenth century. Since then many attempts have been made, a flock of them in the last century, all ending in ignominious failure or the absolute minimum of success, until in January, 1921, Etienne Oehmichen's machine lifted 584 lb. Still this backward child engrosses the attention of men eager to solve its problems, the most notable being Isacco the Italian, Hafner who is experimenting at Heston, and M. Florine.

Naturally the helicopter principle must fall under comparison with that of the autogiro. It might be thought that by experimenting with, or collating the results of, the two the measure of absolute safety, dependent upon a next-to-nothing landing speed, might be obtained for a large flying ship whose appearance would of necessity resemble the coloured frontispiece to Jules Verne's aerial romance—a multi-screwed machine with complete stability. But a greater problem than that of stability stands in the way of such a ship, and that is the helicopter principle itself, which involves the use of driven airscrews obtaining an upward lift. The more powerful the airscrew the stronger, and therefore *heavier*, must be the framework in which it is set; and again, the heavier the framework so much more powerful must be the airscrew. Obviously, therefore, an extremely efficient airscrew will have to be found to defeat the operation of this vicious circle, for it does not matter how many airscrews the machine may have the weight disadvantage is magnified proportionately. A great many interesting technical points are involved in the construction of this helicopter and it is hoped to give some further details regarding it from the inventor himself.

Meanwhile a new edition of our old friend the autogiro has made its production debut. C. 30 represents *complete* safety in aircraft design. Señor de la Cierva hopes during the next twelve months to perfect his design by effecting vertical ascent without any forward run. As it is, C. 30 descends vertically and needs only twelve yards for its take-off run. The autogiro principle has distinct advantages of its own in that the rotor blades are automatic, and when once they are mechanically started they are turned, and obtain lift, only by the air forces acting on them. The engine and airscrew provide forward motion only. The sole thing then which could upset this craft in the air would be the breakage of one of the rotor blades—a thing as likely to happen as the breaking in pieces of the front wheels of a motor car; less likely indeed, for there is infinitely less strain on a rotor blade or set of blades than there is upon one wheel of a motor car.

Granville Conway

THE GRAMPIAN POWER SCHEME

HARNESSING WATER FOR CENTRAL SCOTLAND'S ELECTRICITY: The 12 ft. 6 in. diameter pipe-lines which carry the water to the new power station near the River Tummel. This is the second part of the great Grampian electricity scheme connecting with the grid system of Central Scotland

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE VAST PIPE-LINES taken from the new power-house. The generating plant is driven by two water turbines supplied by Messrs. Boving and Co., Ltd., of Kingsway, London

THE DUNALASTAIR INTAKE DAM showing the 25 ft. by 25 ft. flood-gates, 1,700 cubic ft. of water are discharged per second. The supply comes from Loch Rannoch

FROM LOCH TO POWER-HOUSE: The aqueduct (on right) carrying the loch waters above the River Tummel to the turbines in the new power-house. In the foreground, and on the left, is Dunalastair dam

DUNLOP
DUNLOP
MASTERS

PERSONALITIES

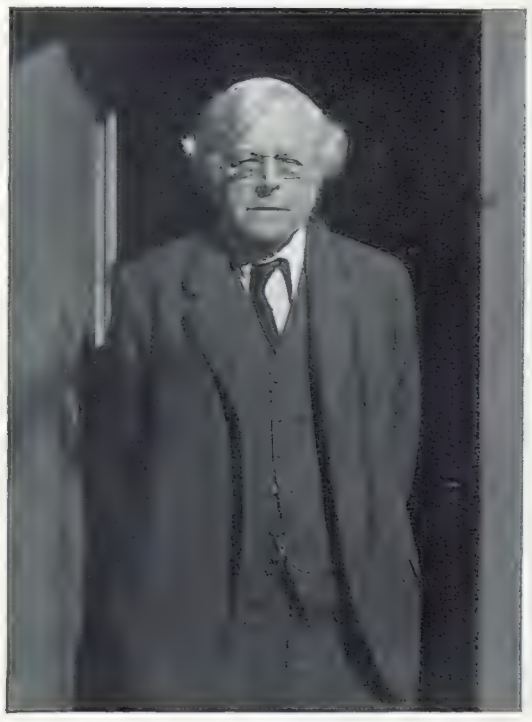
In the Week's News

IN SPITE OF WINTRY WEATHER women rowing enthusiasts seem quite satisfied to go out on the tideway in the scantiest of sports garb. This rowing coach was caught by the camera near Barnes boathouse

A DISTINGUISHED PATRON OF DESERVING CHARITIES: Princess Alice Countess of Athlone receiving gifts for patients at the Royal Waterloo Hospital. Master Simon Sainsbury is handing her a doll and Miss Mary Eastwood is giving a basket of fruit

TO PLAY IN THE SCREEN VERSION OF A STAGE SUCCESS: Miss Pamela Ostrer, the seventeen-year-old daughter of the President of the Gaumont British Company, who is taking the part of Naomi in the film *Jew Süss*

ARTIST AND LECTURER: Mrs. Louise Jopling-Rowe who died on Sunday at her home in Amersham, Bucks, at the age of ninety. Her first picture appeared in the Academy of 1871



PROFESSOR OF LAW, POLITICIAN, AND MAN OF LETTERS: Mr. Augustine Birrell, who died this week at his home in Chelsea at the age of eighty-three. He will be remembered chiefly as an essayist of supreme merit

WITH THE GUNS: The Duchess of Sutherland at a recent shoot at Yester House, Haddingtonshire—the East Lothian home of the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale. She was one of Her Majesty's train bearers at the Coronation in 1911

A CHANGE OF VENUE: I. Lyon (second from left), winner of the Harrow School cross country race which was held this year at Sandy Lodge, near Rickmansworth, because the previous route had been encroached on by builders. Of recent years the competitors have had to cross traffic-frequented roads and awkward railway bridges several times during their gruelling seven-mile run

FILM ASPIRANTS: Baroness von Bissing and Baroness von Gagern who are appearing in the crowd scenes of *Autumn Crocus* now in production at Ealing. They are both anxious to make a name in British films

Fabrics play a tremendously important part in the creation of a new mode. Indeed, in many instances it may be said that inspiration for a model comes directly from the material in which it is made. Lovely enough to need no further elaboration, Wemco's Cresta Crêpe has been used for the charmingly simple afternoon dress shown above. The colours are blended with consummate artistry, and the draping qualities of the artificial silk are shown to great advantage. One of the well-known range of Wemco fabrics, which sell at prices ranging from 3s. 11d. to 6s. 11d. a yard, it shares with them their resistance to hard wear and their almost unending variety of design

On the right is the newest version of the ever-popular beret. Outstandingly chic and very flattering, it is made in delustred Wedgwood blue velvet. The flat shallow back is counterbalanced by a long, fluted front composed of stitched folds and surmounted by a jaunty bow. With the other accessories shown in our sketch it comes from Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W. The brown antelope bag has an amber-backed mirror handle, and costs 67s. 6d. Alternatively it is made in black with a gun-metal coloured glass handle. The decorative gloves in black, beige, or grey French kid cost 23s. 9d., and have gauged cuffs intersected with rows of hand veining and bordered with finely pleated bands

SEEN AROUND LONDON

At a very fashionable First Night—several *Alice in Wonderland* coiffures on women of varying ages. Some with the hair swept across the head and curled closely at the back, very *soignée* and sophisticated. Others with wavy hair held in place by a bandeau surmounted with balls of coral or crystal, the ends combed out in soft tendrils

✣

Wreaths of tinted porcelain flowers worn rather low on the back of the head with clusters of curls built up from the nape of the neck. Also wing-like diamond clips worn in an artless manner on the long side of the hair parting, to hold in place a deeply-waved forward-sweeping lock

✣

Circular diamond clips hinged in the centre and worn instead of ear-rings. These fit the lobe of the ear. Tulle caps, trimmed with sequins or veined with lacquered quills and worn with long-sleeved evening frocks. It is evident that heads must be definitely decorative this year

✣

Flowers—masses of them, real or artificial. Worn beneath the chin with the new high-across-the-front bodices: across the corsage to emphasize the off-the-shoulder-line: at the waist with beltless frocks: and on the elbows of deceptively simple dinner dresses that have low, heavily-petalled hems

✣

Pearl bracelets, very youthful and demure, the rows threaded between diamond bars; elaborate hand-made net or crochet gloves, sometimes trimmed with net frills or rhinestone *motifs*; gold kid sandals closely embroidered with threads dyed to match their owner's coat

✣

In the Park—a woman in black with two diamond and emerald clips worn one above the other on the lapel of her cloth and velvet coat. Another with a huge stiffened bow at the throat of a dress that contrasted vividly with her simple cloth jacket. It reached almost from shoulder to shoulder, like a clown's, and was lined with plush

At lunch—a girl in a blackberry-coloured marocain frock with a bolt-fastening inset with fine paste at the waist, and another holding together three sections of the yoke where there was a cut-out trefoil at the neck

✣

An absolutely plain grey dress with three-quarter length sleeves finished with a huge rosette set on the outside of the elbow, having the folds fastened together on the inner side

Astonishing how a man's personality expands when he begins to take an interest in being really well dressed, as distinct from merely buying a few suits. But not at all astonishing that this interest should be awakened when a man adopts the New Tailoring, *seeing* himself in clothes instead of *imagining* himself in them. • *We have a particularly fine selection of lounge suits at six guineas; and we have many others as well, some costing more, some costing less.*

151 FITTINGS AND VARIATIONS IN THE

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A TOWN OF MOSQUES AND MINARETS: A view of Kirkuk over the roof-tops

A VISIT TO KIRKUK

And the Rich Oil Fields of the Iraq Petroleum Company

Kirkuk has a population of about 20,000, and forms a link in the chain of Turkoman towns and villages stretching from Nebi Yunus and Tel Afar, near Mosul, to Khaniqin, on the Iraqi–Persian frontier north-east of Baghdad.

Kirkuk being a Kurdish centre contains a large number of Kurds, though there is a sprinkling of Arabs, Christians, and Jews. The predominant language of the town, however, is Turkish, and this is the language that is taught in the schools.

There are a considerable number of shops catering for European requirements which have been opened since the Iraq Petroleum Company took up their headquarters there.

I stayed at the headquarters of the administrative inspector; his is an Arab house of two storeys, built round a courtyard with trees in the centre, and made of mud brick dried in the sun. In the morning I was awakened by the sound from many minarets of the call to prayer. The voice of the muezzin echoed in the dawn. . . . "*There is no God but Allah. Muhammad is the Prophet of Allah — Allah is greatest.*"

That morning my host's Chaldean "boy" took me to the bazaar; it was of extraordinary height and width and supported by arched columns. The merchants were for the most part either Arabs—in dingy, flowing robes—or black-bearded Jews; but some children in bright red dresses struck a note of colour.

The sun blazed down; the flies were upon everything, crawling in solid masses over meat, sticky sweets, and blue bowls of yoghourt (sour milk). I was glad to leave the market and be conducted to the clean, cool interior of the serai (gaol).

The prisoners grouped in the courtyard looked remarkably cheerful. They cook their own food and work at various trades. We walked through long lines of saluting police, and as I was leaving an object flung itself upon me and embraced my feet. This proved to be a poor woman who, having a relation in prison, wished me to intercede for him.

In the afternoon my host gave me my choice of sights—"the Archbishop," "a swarm of locusts," or "the Burning Fiery Furnace" (Baba Gurga). I chose the latter.

Baba Gurga, supposed to be the traditional Burning Fiery Furnace, is distinctly disappointing—the little flames coming out of the ground might easily be the remains of a picnic-party bonfire. It is actually one of several examples in the world of gas seepage; that is to say, natural gas escaping from an underground reservoir of oil. The reservoir has developed a leak, and people set fire to the escaping gas. We drove through the furnace unscorched, the only danger being the cracks in the ground.

The following day I was taken to see the rich oil fields of the Iraq Petroleum Company. We inspected the "rig," and one of the engineers in charge explained to me some technical details. First he showed me the derrick used for extracting oil from the various wells. The lofty tower is composed of steel girders and, after it has been assembled over the prospective hole, sometimes stands as much as 120 ft. high. Then the tools, the most important piece of which is the steel chisel or drilling bit. These are attached to one end of the walking beam, and the other end of the beam is attached to the engine. When the engine is started up by means of a driller both the beam and the tools move up and down, thus boring their way through the layers of rock, sandstone, shale, etc.

Water is mixed with the contents and mud is formed. At intervals this mud is removed, and this necessitates the extraction of the "tools" and the replacing of them with a "bailer." Then the sand is bailed out.

When a sufficient depth has been reached casing is lowered into the hole to prevent it caving in.

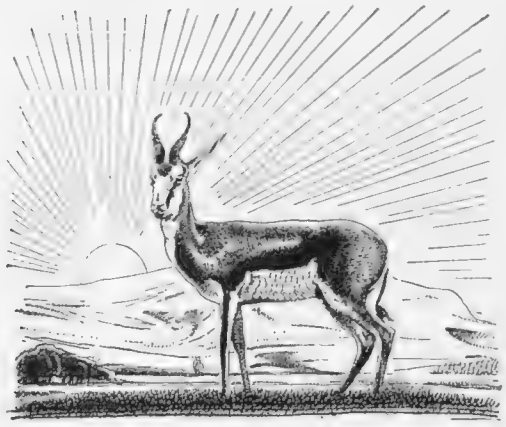
Drilling is continued until the oil stratum is reached, and then the oil is made to flow by bailing out all the water and mud. If there is not enough pressure below to force the oil to the surface it has to be pumped up, after which it is run off into tanks, so that the amount of oil the well is making can be measured. From there it is collected and stored and finally pumped away to the refineries.

The smell of oil permeated the atmosphere for miles around.

The workmen were Persians—a wild-looking crowd, but with bright, intelligent faces. They presented me with a bouquet of pink oleanders picked in the oil fields.

M. R. Rogers

BURNING OFF OIL AND MUD after completing a boring operation in the Kirkuk fields



THE SUN HOLIDAY.

The Sun is Life. It was an axiom of the Ancients. In the Dark Ages the power of sunshine as a natural means of health and healing was neglected, but Science, in its sure advance, has led us into the glowing reality of another Sun Age. It is visible in the improved health of nations, in the active minds, the bronzed bodies and the daring and enterprise of modern youth. They are children of the New Sun Age.

The certain enjoyment of sunlight—temperate, healthy sunlight—is one of the stimulating qualities of a visit to South Africa. The ocean voyage, the continuous fresh air, the rest and the completeness of the change—these variations, all in the radiance of sunshine, make this holiday one long sun-bath of recuperation.

Furthermore, it is travel arranged with the greatest ease, simply by communicating with The Director, Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, or the leading Tourist Agencies. Our special programme *The Sign of the Springbok* (A.X.), with details of Winter tours at reduced rates, sent *gratis* on request.

"the first love"
there's a lot of fashion interest in the back treatment of this lizard satin gown, which is fur trimmed and chooses a white ottoman silk coat as its complement.
8½ guineas.

"so sweet of you"
the wide shoulder line as demonstrated in a dinner gown of matelasse crepe gives much dignity and achieves a romantic air, too, with its lace yoke and graceful sleeves.
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so quickly does the trend of fashion change that **clothes - wise women must needs be ever watching the edicts of the rulers of the mode.**

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THE FRENCH RIVIERA

The Winter Charms and Attractions of the Cote d'Azur

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

MONTE CARLO: A general view of the town and of the hills which protect it from the northern winds

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS GAMBLING CENTRE: The casino at Monte Carlo viewed from the heights above the town

The beauty and the excellent climate of that part of the French coast bordering on the Mediterranean which is known as the French Riviera are proverbial; the only possible difficulty confronting the would-be visitor to it is that of making a choice from among the many charming resorts with which this region is favoured, a task none too easy, where all possess somewhat similar advantages, and which the writer can lighten only in the direction of describing the special attractions of each resort.

Pride of place must be given, certainly, to Monte Carlo, foremost among the resorts of the Riviera, and which, for position, is unrivalled. Built mostly upon a broad terrace, well raised above the sea level, and perfectly protected from northern winds by a high, unbroken mountain range, and with a dry subsoil, which aids greatly in forming its splendid climate, Monte Carlo offers the opportunity of a wonderful winter holiday, where you may wander in radiant sunshine amidst glorious gardens by the sea, or sit in pleasant nooks on sheltered terraces, and watch the luxurious "life" of the place, for Monte Carlo has made history in the gambling world, and hither come folk well known in Society from every quarter of the globe—to take a turn at the famous tables and try their luck!

It is this which makes the place so fascinating. You need not gamble, if you are not that way inclined, but you can go to the magnificent Casino and watch the gambling, and get many a thrill, and there is so much else to do in Monte Carlo that you will never have a dull moment there. Golf, tennis, music, and dancing will keep you busy, and you have the interesting old harbour quarter of the Condamine close by to explore, and the rocky, rampart-crowned headland of Monaco, where once stood, in turn, temples dedicated to the pagan deities of Phœnicia and Greece. And although you have luxury all about you, so to speak, and some of the world's finest hotels, in Monte Carlo, you will find no difficulty in obtaining hotel accommodation at whatever rate you can afford.

From Monte Carlo to Mentone is but a step, in fact you have the finest view of the place from Cap Martin, from which you see Mentone sheltering around the gently curving shores of the Golfe de la Paix, an azure sea before it, whilst behind rise slopes of verdant green, with groves of palm and of olive, of orange, and lemon trees, stretching upwards until they meet in the high mountains which stand sentinel north and west and guard Mentone from chilling winds. And when you enter Mentone, and see its wealth of flowers and flowering shrubs, banks of mimosa and clusters of oleander, its beautiful gardens and boulevards, and magnificent hotels, you will find the nearer view as pleasing as the distant one. Mentone has numbers of charming walks and delightful excursions, a golf course, and tennis courts which are world famous, and its open-air life in the sunshine is an excellent winter tonic.

Nice is the metropolis of the Riviera, and it is one of the warmest and sunniest spots on the coast. It has been a winter health resort for the last two thousand years, which is a very valuable testimonial to its salubrity, and it is beautifully laid out with a long, wide, tree-centred promenade by the sea—Promenade des Anglais—from which a pier, with a handsome pavilion extends seawards, whilst facing this are extensive and charming gardens. Eastwards, delightfully scattered amongst trees, are scores of fine villas. Nice has all the attractions of a fashionable watering-place—a casino, theatres, cinemas, fine shops and first-class hotels, races, tennis, and golf, and it has the additional one of carnival festivities; it is noted the world over for its "Battle of Flowers"—to be there at such a time is a marvel that there can be such floral beauty in Europe in the height of winter! Quite close by is Beaulieu-sur-mer, where you can live a country life, and amidst tropical vegetation, for here is the only spot in Europe, it is said, where the fan-palm grows indigenously, and the banana ripens, and the heliotrope blooms the winter through.

Cannes is another Riviera resort famed for its carnival spirit. It has Grasse near by, where the slopes of the hills are clothed with blossoms in the winter, and it has a setting which is very beautiful—strung around a bay on the Golfe de la Napoule, with the Estérel mountains to the west, high hills behind, and in front the Iles des Lerins, on one of which, Ste. Marguerite, is the citadel in which the Man in the Iron Mask was once confined. Cannes has excellent hotels, a large casino, with good facilities for sport, and the charming scenery of Corniche d'Or, and it has the advantage of a splendid bathing beach at Palm Beach and of being quite near to Juan-les-pins and Antibes, and in the midst of very fertile country, with delightful views.

MENTONE: An up-to-date resort in a setting of great natural beauty

Hyères, lying at the foot, and on the side of a rocky hill, some two-and-a-half miles inland from the Rade d'Hyères, has a dry, sunny climate, and the advantage of being the most southerly of the Riviera resorts. It has a vegetation which is most luxuriant, and which includes magnificent palms and ferns, winter flowering plants of many kinds, and woods of olive, cork, eucalyptus, and pine. There are exquisite walks along the neighbouring mountain sides (the Maurettes), and six hundred feet up on the hill above the town is the old château which once defended the place and which was dismantled by Henry IV of Navarre. Hyères has up-to-date hotels, and sport and social attractions, and it has a quiet beauty of its own which cannot fail to captivate.

CANNES: The harbour and tree-lined promenade

NICE: One of Europe's oldest winter health resorts

St. Raphaël, on a wide plain, fronting the Bay of Fréjus, with the mountains of Estérel to the east, and those of the Maurettes to the west, has a climate similar to that of Hyères, and is a very attractive spot, with some good hotels, in a delightful situation facing charming gardens, which front a pretty plage. Extensive pine woods in the neighbourhood afford opportunities for enjoyable walks, and for longer excursions there are the mountains. Then there are famous golf links at Valescure, near at hand, and there is much else to do in St. Raphaël that is extremely enjoyable.

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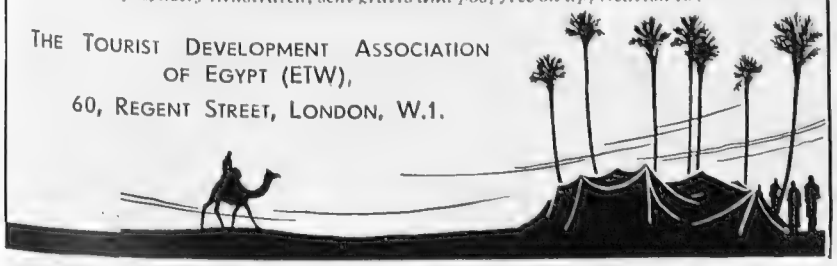

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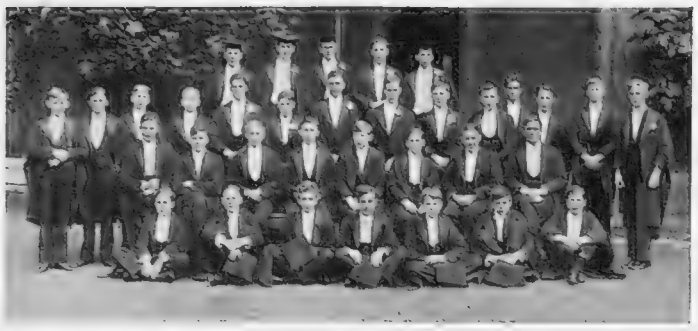


SCHOLARS OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL resplendent with the buttonholes which they always affect on days of importance in the school calendar

COMMEMORATION AT WESTMINSTER

It is possible, though it is difficult to believe, that there are those who can resist the lure of the great Abbey at Westminster when seen at night; but he must indeed be a "finished and finite clod, untroubled by a spark," who, all unmoved, can see the Abbey in festal array.

On Friday evening, November 17, at 8.30 all the present Westminster School assembled for a "Latin Service in Commemoration of the Founders and Benefactors of Westminster School, held in Westminster Abbey by permission of the Dean." It was the 400th anniversary of the birth of Queen Elizabeth: the beginning of the present life of the school dates from its foundation in 1560 by the Queen's bounty. Many have been the subsequent benefactions that have flowed to the school, and it was a dignified list of benefactors that flowed in sonorous Latin from the lips of the Headmaster.

Long before the time advertised for the doors to open cars were pouring through the archway at Dean's Yard, having already deposited their share of the guests, distinguished old Westminsters, and parents of present Westminsters who in due course may deserve a similar adjective, complete with orders and decorations and suitable female head-dresses above the evening gowns. These latter details were as important as the tickets, which had to be produced many times before one had passed through the faintly illumined cloisters into the Abbey itself.

By eight o'clock a large part of the seating accommodation had been filled, and later comers were regretfully ushered to mere standing room by stewards whose evening shirtfronts were embellished by a broad pink ribbon. Scholars' gowns and pink or white carnations, dazzlingly white choristers' surplices, white-furred B.A. hoods, flashes of scarlet from a cassock, or gold from a stole—these made a gorgeous but conventional setting for a great church ceremony; the unusual and slightly bizarre was supplied by the varied reading of the request that ladies were "to wear a head-covering at the Abbey service." These, which were later shed at the entrance to Ashburnham House, were variously interpreted in terms of gracefully falling white lace, tightly tied coloured scarves, restaurant caps in tissue and gold, everyday felt hats, berets, shawls — a motley collection that seemed to assort oddly with the severely correct "evening dress, orders and decorations" of their male attendants.

An all-Latin service, exquisite singing, the deep, reverberating notes of the organ, stately clergy, the dimly sensed, almost more than seen, arches of the roof, faint lights picking out this or that bit of majestic architecture—one moved down the choir stalls, through the nave and out into the cloisters, feeling that one had been privileged to take part in a very pageant of scholastic history.

From the dark cloister, the procession passed up the famous Ashburnham staircase to a beautiful room in Ashburnham House which is itself of great interest—architecturally and historically. It was built by Inigo Jones and originally leased by the chapter, and in Queen Anne's reign received its present name from the then occupant. It was not until 1882 that the school gained complete possession of the house.

"Up School," as the old monks' dormitory is now designated, was crowded to the utmost for the reception. In the Busby Library adjoining, some of its rare treasures were spread on tables and proved a centre of continuous attraction; the library books printed during the first two decades of the sixteenth century; there are four manuscripts prior in date to the invention of printing; volumes with autographs of interest, and rare bindings in calf, morocco, and oak boards. The autograph-covered walls of Up School looked down upon the unusual sight of a modern buffet stretching the entire length of the hall, covered with silver urns and plates and dishes of edibles—to the owners of those historic names it would probably have presented as pleasing a sight as it was surprising; but to the more sophisticated lads of the present-day Westminster School, doubtless it would appear but one among the many entertaining events their benefactors have showered upon them.

THE FLORINE HELICOPTER

A Note from the Inventor

We have received the following note from M. Nicholas Florine, who recently broke the world helicopter record with an ascent of nearly ten minutes duration. The inventor sets at rest any doubts regarding his machine's stability.

This helicopter differs from its predecessors in that its two lifting screws are rotating in the *same* direction. Its stability is due to the gyroscopical and similar aerodynamical effect.

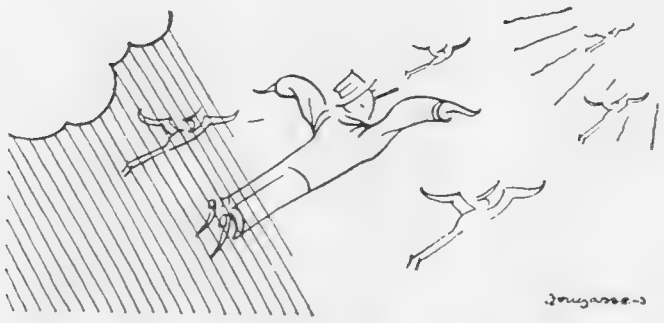
The angle of attack of the airscrew blades can be governed in flight, and by this means the pilot is able to execute every desirable evolution

Its full weight is 935 kgrs. (appr. 2,000 lb.). It is driven by a Renard 200 rated b.h.p. engine, of which only 160 are really utilized.

The vertical engine is air-cooled by a special fan and is placed in the centre of the machine. It rotates at 1,440 r.p.m., while the lifting screws rotate at 270 r.p.m.

During its recent tests the helicopter remained in the air on October 19 and October 25 for 6 min. 30 sec. and 9 min. 58 sec. respectively, and reached an altitude of 18 ft. It was perfectly stable and manœuvrable. The landing-ground where the tests were carried out is a square of 150 ft. surrounded by buildings and trees.

(An Article on the Helicopter appears on p. 324 of this issue)



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from winter into another summer.
Think of an impending three months' fog, overheated rooms, colds and 'flu: think again of an inexpensive round-voyage ticket to sunshine and surf-bathing. Then, double it (to the nearest shipping or travel office), take away what you first thought of, and the answer's Australia.

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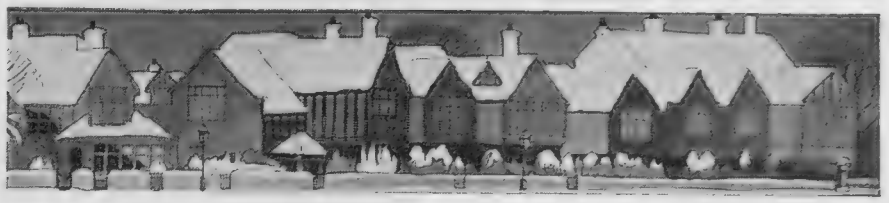

CHRISTMAS KINDNESS

Giving Help where Help is Needed

Present giving is of many and various kinds; there are the presents we give to people because we like them, the presents we give to people because we are related to them, the presents we give to people because of the presents they have given to us—and possibly also one or two presents given for motives about which the less said the better. But there is also a further category—the presents we give to people we don't know by name and only in a very general way by sight, and from whom we expect nothing tangible in return. Charity is apt to appear rather a cold word just because it is so impersonal. But however much we may try to get away from its real meaning by reminding ourselves that it "begins at home," we know perfectly well that it cannot end there; and however many worries we may have of our own, Christmas is no time for shutting our eyes to other people's. On the contrary, it is a festival which, if we take it seriously at all, must inevitably make an appeal to our most generous instincts, to those common characteristics of decency and kindliness that give reality to the idea of fellowship and goodwill between man and man.

Unfortunately at the present time one does not have to look very far to see where help is needed; only just round the corner, in fact, just beyond the warmth and snug security of one's own fireside, there is poverty and distress in plenty both among the young and the old. This is a hard truth, and one to be remembered, although not one to be morbid about. You always find that those people who are in daily contact with the harsher side of life, who actually see the things that most of us only read of, who know just what the haunting anxiety of poverty means, are themselves never anything but cheerful. In the hospitals and charitable institutions of this country there is a great army of men and women doing work that is absolutely invaluable to the community, and it is to enable them to carry on their work with cheerfulness and confidence that many organizations make a special appeal for support at this time of year.

The claims on our sympathies are so numerous that few of us can hope to satisfy them as fully as we would wish, but the main thing is that we should not let that serve as an excuse for leaving them unsatisfied altogether. In the following paragraphs are suggested some of the ways in which this obligation may be met. And when you are getting out your cheque book it is worth remembering that the generous actions are among the few in life that you can be pretty sure of never regretting afterwards.

Let us start with the children—not because others need less help than they, but because Christmas is above all else a children's festival, and also because it is with the children that the future lies.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes were founded sixty-seven years ago, and since that time 114,102 children have passed through them, while at the present moment alone 8,057 are being cared for. The homes have come to play such an important part in the relief of destitution among children that any curtailment of their activities at this juncture would be disastrous. On an average five children, most of them infants, are admitted daily and, being admitted, are assured once and for all of proper attention and a decent start in life. This is a big responsibility, and the organization of the homes, and above all the liveliness of the inmates, never fails to impress those who have an opportunity of seeing it at close range.

The chief concern at the moment in all the cottages, households, hospitals, boarding-out centres, and other branches scattered about the country is to make Christmas the time of real happiness for the children that it should be. It is the great landmark in their year, and they start looking forward to it eagerly when it is still months ahead. Any subscription that you are able to send, therefore, will do something towards transforming that anticipation into fulfilment. It will be particularly appreciated, moreover, because Christmas is also a time for stronger boots, thicker clothing, and more blankets, and these requirements make heavy inroads on the available resources of the organization. The address for parcels and cheques is 462, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1. Cheques should be made payable to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed "Barclays Bank, Ltd., a/c Dr. Barnardo's Homes."

Then there is the **Waifs and Strays Society.** Their problem is rather the same—4,500 children so completely confident of Father Christmas's personal interest in them that it would be unthinkable to have to disappoint them. Visions of toys and crackers and plum puddings and mince pies are already before their eyes. And yet the Society's income imposes a policy of rigid economy, which means sacrificing

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KEEP BRITAIN'S FLAG FLYING

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NEW "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
IS STILL IN DEBT
£10,000
MOST URGENTLY NEEDED TO PAY FOR BALANCE OF COST OF FITTING OUT OF SHIP, ETC.

PLEASE SEND A DONATION
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THE OLD "ARETHUSA" HAS TRAINED 12,650 BOYS FOR THE SEA SERVICES. HELP THE NEW "ARETHUSA" TO BEAT THIS FINE RECORD

NOW IS THE TIME TO HELP

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
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President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

PLEADING HUMANITY'S CAUSE

WARWICK DEEPING writes:—

"Not only as one who has been a Doctor, but as a man who has watched someone who was very dear to him martyred by this terrible disease, I do appeal to those who can help to come to the succour of the Cancer Hospital. No institution could have a greater claim both upon our pity and our purses."

HUGH WALPOLE says:—

"Sympathy is not enough; it is your duty and mine to give practical aid. . . The Cancer Hospital is doing work of which the nation should be proud. It is fighting this disease—trying to establish its cause and discover a cure. I ask my readers to send what they can to the secretary. There must be no faltering now, with success possibly just round the corner. Will you post your contribution to-day—for humanity's sake?"

There is a bank overdraft of £40,000. Will you please do your share towards the conquest of cancer by sending a special Christmas gift to the Secretary.

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD—LONDON, S.W.3

Christmas Kindness (Continued from p. 335)

everything but the barest necessities. In addition, there are many still outside the homes in such urgent need of help that they cannot be denied, and it is as much for these as for the others that a special Christmas appeal is being made. Any donation, however small, will be very gratefully received by the Secretary, Waifs and Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

The work undertaken by the **National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children** calls for infinite patience, infinite tact, and the assurance of unfailing public support. It has earned the gratitude of some 4,000,000 children up to date, and although the treatment of children in England has shown improvement in recent years, there are still, alas, many young victims of parental viciousness, neglect, and ignorance. The Society aims, whenever possible, at securing better conditions for those whom it is trying to help by persuasion rather than by prosecution. Legal action is only taken as a last resort when other means have failed, and the untiring efforts that this principle of forbearance involves cannot but be deeply appreciated, especially at this time of the year, by all who care for children. The treasurer of the Society is Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bart., and the address is Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

The **Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship** are in urgent need of £10,000 to meet the remaining cost of fitting out the new *Arethusa*. The old one, it will be remembered, was condemned by the Admiralty as worn out after years of splendid service during which 12,650 boys were trained for the Navy and Mercantile Marine. This is a fine life for English boys, and it stands for the maintenance of the maritime tradition in which our greatness as a nation has been built up. That last £10,000 has simply got to be found. Donations should be sent to the General Secretary at the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

The account of twelve months' work done by the **Salvation Army** speaks for itself; during that period more than thirty-four million meals were supplied to poor people, and twelve million beds provided. The Salvation Army gives discriminating but ungrudging help to all who need it, the poor and the sick, the lonely and the oppressed. Such help is needed more than ever to-day, and the Salvation Army is faced with a serious shortage of funds. Without generous public support this great organization cannot carry the full burden of its responsibilities. Its property is merely the machinery for its work, and the wheels of that machinery must be kept moving. That is why your generosity is being specially invoked now that Christmas is upon us. All communications should be addressed to 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

THESE FIRST *Please!*

10/-
WILL FEED FIVE CHILDREN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

THE SECRETARY (E 2), KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.11.

THIS CHRISTMASTIDE PLEASE REMEMBER THE

466 *Beds* 5,937 *In-Patients*

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

HOLLOWAY LONDON.N.7.

325,776 *Out-Patient Attendances*

Gilbert G. Panter, Secretary.

More Sickness—Less Money—Needs really urgent.

OUR CHRISTMAS POLICY

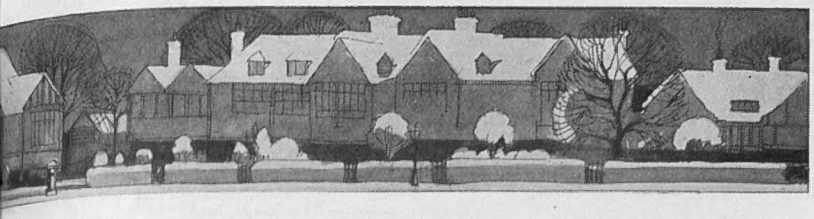
CHRISTMAS will be a happy joyous time for thousands of needy families and lonely old folk through the Church Army's Parcels of good fare.

£5 will provide for TEN POOR FAMILIES.

10/- will pay for ONE such parcel.

Will YOU share your Christmas happiness by sending a gift now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY



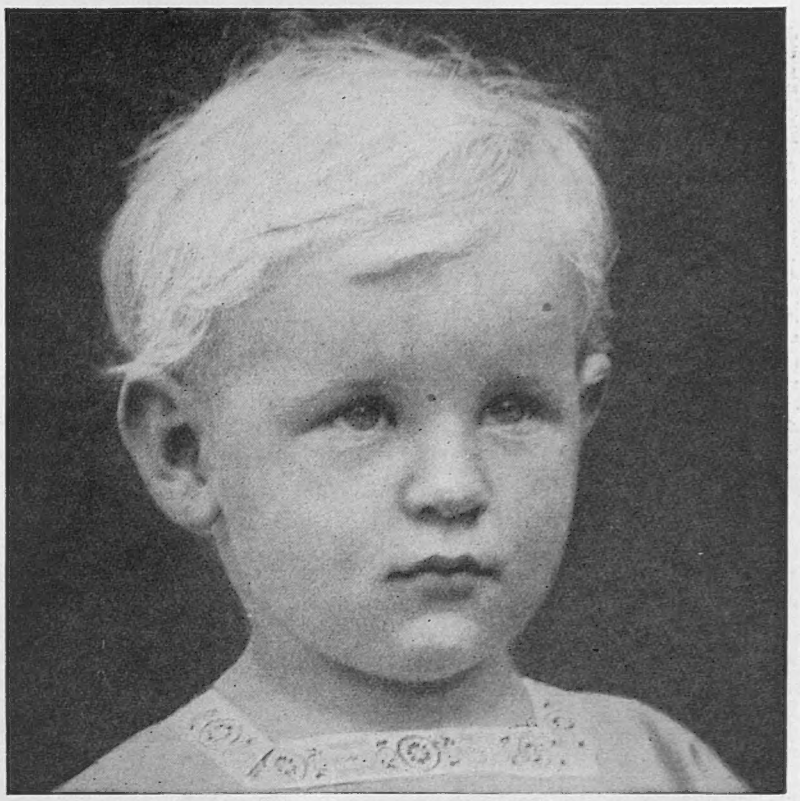
The **Church Army** is appealing for subscriptions to their Christmas Hamper Fund. Every year they provide Christmas cheer for many poor families for whom this season would otherwise be only a time of bleakness. They arrange treats and parties that bring infinite pleasure into the lives of those who dwell in the shadow of poverty, and infuse a new spirit of hope in the hearts of those who might otherwise forget everything but hopelessness. Ten families can be provided with Christmas food for £5, and each 10s. parcel contains sufficient to last a family of five or six over the Christmas festival. Do remember this when you are doing your own Christmas shopping, and send any donation you can spare to Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., at Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

The science of health has achieved more in recent years than ever before, but cancer still remains a grim and malignant enemy stalking in our midst. By helping those of its victims who are patients at the **Cancer Hospital** you would not only be performing the primary good office of giving help where help is needed, but contributing something towards the ultimate conquest of the disease. Apart from the research work being carried out in the laboratories, poor patients enjoy the benefit of the most up-to-date appliances and skilled attention without any charge, and there is even a certain number of beds reserved for those who, although incurable, may yet be relieved of suffering in their last days. At present there is a bank overdraft of £40,000, so you may be quite sure that any subscription you are able to send will be fully appreciated. The address is Fulham Road, S.W.

Then there is the **Imperial Cancer Research Fund,** which maintains two laboratories and a permanent staff of highly skilled investigators carrying out work that is of the greatest practical importance in combating the disease. The financial demands made by scientific research are necessarily high, and the treasurers of the fund earnestly hope that they will continue to receive the same generous support as in the past. The goal is still far off, but it is essential for the future of humanity that it should eventually be reached, and at this point there can be no turning back. Donations should be sent either to 8–11, Queen's Square, London, W.C.1, or to the Westminster Bank, Marylebone Branch, 1, Stratford Place, London, W., a/c Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

Finally, we would draw attention to the **Royal Northern Hospital,** Holloway. This hospital serves a very large area—approximately seventy square miles—inhabited almost entirely by poor people. Revenue from local sources, therefore, though it proves the generosity of the poor towards one another, is far from large, and there is such a shortage of funds that the possibility of having to close down wards is never wholly absent. The hospital has a long and splendid record of service, and it would be a thousand pities if any of its activities, so vital to that part of London, had to be curtailed. Any help you can give will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



8,478
Children being supported.

10/-
will feed one child for a fortnight.

Please be Santa Claus to a destitute little one this Christmas.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.
President—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.
Chairman of the Executive Committee—SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, BT., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
Hon. Treasurer—SIR HOLBURT WARING, C.B.E., P.R.C.S.
Director—DR. J. A. MURRAY, F.R.S.

The Honorary Treasurer desires to thank those who have hitherto supported this Fund by their donations and subscriptions.

The Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly in the cause of suffering humanity. The number of recorded deaths from cancer has shown a regular increase for the past 80 years, and in research work alone lies the one hope of checking its malevolent power. Radium treatment has been proved effective in some cases, but its mode of action and limitations are still imperfectly understood. Cancer, when deep rooted, still presents a serious problem, and money is needed to maintain and equip the Fund with every scientific weapon available.

Donations and Subscriptions may be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 8–11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1, or may be paid to the Westminster Bank, Limited, Marylebone Branch, 1, Stratford Place, London, W., A/c Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 8-11, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

IF you remember

the joys of your own childhood, particularly at Christmastide . . . will you enable some less fortunate little one to enjoy a happy home life, by helping

THE N.S.P.C.C.

The National Guardian of Ill-treated Children.

Kindly send a Christmas donation now to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, or Director, William J. Elliott, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C. 2.
(Chairman: The Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B.)

The Spirit of Christmas

finds a natural home in The Salvation Army

146,000 of those in Great Britain who think God and man may have forgotten them will this Christmas have a pleasant surprise. Plans are complete. In 1,000 of its Halls, Shelters, Homes, etc., tables will be spread and entertainment arranged for what will be, in all, one of the largest Christmas treats ever given.

The Army is launching out in this big additional expenditure because it has faith in the Spirit of Christmas in YOU.

2/- provides a treat for one person. £50 provides for 500. Please send gifts to-day, marked "Christmas Cheer," to General E. J. Higgins, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

The Salvation Army

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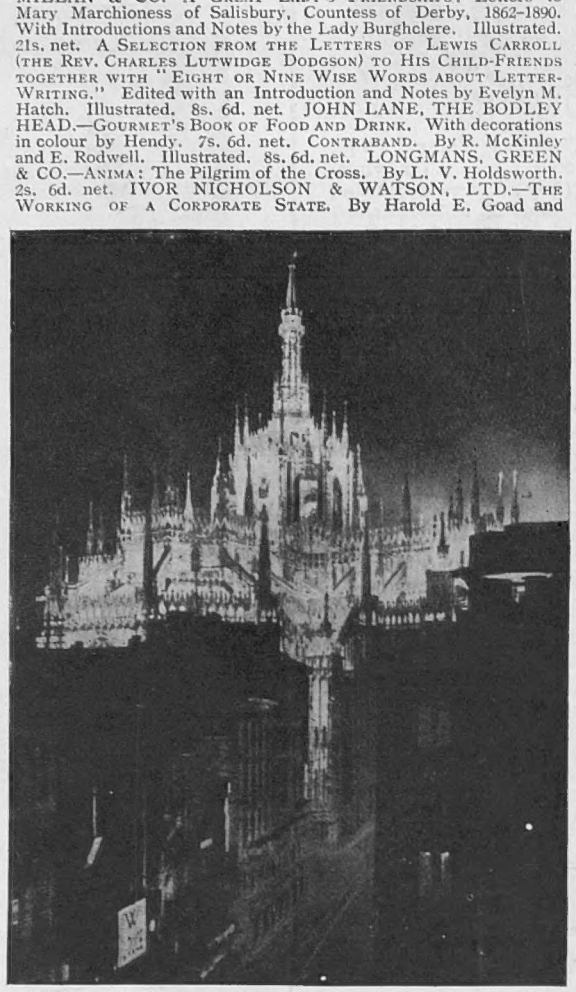

CELEBRATING THE RISE OF FASCISM: How the Municipal Electric Company floodlit the exterior of Milan Cathedral for this year's anniversary of the March on Rome

WHITHER AMERICA?

(Continued from p. 308)

Roosevelt has suggested that the collapse of his schemes might mean that he would be the last President.

The real answer is that if the N.R.A. brings back prosperity to America, Roosevelt will be regarded as the greatest President since Lincoln and will be certain of re-election when his term of office expires. If, on the other hand, his scheme fails, the economic control of the country will pass into the hands of the section of the community that has the greatest economic power. That section is the banks and industrial corporations. Organized labour has not sufficient power in America to assume control of the nation's industries and finances.

The lessons of President Roosevelt's experiment are clear. One is that you cannot restore prosperity by "ballyhoo." Another is that the policy of reducing industrial working hours without corresponding reductions in wages is full of dangerous snags. The British trade union leaders would do well to remember this fact. Yet another is that schemes for the artificial stimulation of commodity prices look very nice on paper, but are liable to become dangerous and ineffective when put into practice.

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